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THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING
will be held at the MUSEUM of PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, Jermyn Street, S.W., on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, at 5 p.m.
ADDRESS by the President, Sir M. E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.
HUBERT HALL, Director and Hon. Sec.
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

QUAIN PROFESSORSHIP OF PHYSICS.

This CHAIR will be VACANT by the resignation of Prof. Carey Foster at the close of the present Session.

APPLICATIONS, accompanied by such Testimonials as Candidates may wish to submit, should reach the Secretary by TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1898.

Further information will be sent on application.

The new Professor will enter on his duties next October.

J. M. Horsburgh, M.A., Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of ABERDEEN.

LECTURESHIP ON EDUCATION.

The UNIVERSITY COURT will, at a meeting early in April, proceed to APPOINT, under Ord. No. 17, and (as limited thereby) for a period not to exceed five years, a LECTURER on the THEORY, HISTORY, and ART of EDUCATION, who will be required to give a Full Course of Lectures qualifying for Graduation, and also, if so required, a Course of at least Fifty Lectures on such portions of Psychology and Ethics as underlie Educational Theory.

The person appointed will be required to enter at the end of April ensuing on the duties of the Summer Session, and undertake the due supervision of the practical training, &c., of the Queen's Students.

Further particulars may be obtained from Robert Walker, Esq., M.A., Secretary of the University Court, with whom applications, with fifteen copies of Testimonials, should the candidate think fit to submit any, are to be lodged not later than 6th April ensuing.

University of Aberdeen,
7th February, 1898.

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CHAIR OF CHEMISTRY.

The Board of Governors is prepared to receive applications for the additional CHAIR of CHEMISTRY, newly instituted by Mr. W. C. McDonald. Candidates should produce evidence of special qualifications in Organic Chemistry. Applications, accompanied by any testimonials which the Candidate may desire to submit, should be forwarded to the undersigned on or before the 31st March next.

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REVIEWS.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

The Autobiography of Arthur Young: with Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by M. Betham-Edwards. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THIS is a book by no means to be lost sight of in the cloud of unimportant biographies of unimportant people which are issued from week to week. It is the autobiography of a man with a very brilliant pen, who was, moreover, gifted with a very singular capacity, on the one hand, for self-revelation, on the other for unsparing and pungent criticism of his contemporaries. And even if written by another, the life of Arthur Young would still have its absorbing interest for students of human nature in general and of the late eighteenth century in particular. Although a crank, he was a crank of genius. His *Travels in France* is, of course, a classic, and his *Tour in Ireland* closely approaches it. He failed in the management of three or four farms, and on one is said to have made more than 2,000 profitless experiments; but he was among the earliest of scientific agriculturists, and his researches were of incalculable benefit to others, even if they went near to ruining himself. Of his private life and distinctly remarkable character but little has hitherto been known. He left, however, an elaborate memoir in MS., somewhat voluminous, and touched by the religious melancholia of his later years, but written with an alert intelligence, and full of valuable social and personal matter. From this and from twelve folio volumes of correspondence the contents of the present volume have been drawn, with some abridgment, but with few additions. So far as we can judge, the editorial work has been excellently accomplished, and we are indebted to Miss Betham-Edwards for her timely rescue of a real bit of literature, overflowing with instruction and entertainment.

Arthur Young was heir to a small ancestral property in Suffolk. Speaking of his grandfather, he records that "with only a part of the present Bradfield estate he lived genteelly and drove a coach and four on a property which in these present days just maintains the establishment of a wheelbarrow." His father was a man of strong personality and obstinate whims. You trace him in the features of his son. Both father and mother were devout; the mother, indeed, after a daughter's death, "never looked into any book but on the subject of religion," and Young regrets that her expostulations affected so little the course of his early life. After a scrambling education Arthur Young found himself thrown on the world without a profession at twenty. His first venture was a periodical called *The Universal Museum*, for which he tried in vain to enlist an important contributor.

"I waited on Dr. Johnson, who was sitting by the fire so half-dressed and slovenly a figure as to make me stare at him. I stated my plan and begged that he would favour me with a paper once a month, offering at the same time any remuneration that he might name. 'No, sir,' he replied, 'such a work would be sure to fail if the booksellers have not the property, and you will lose a great deal of money by it.' 'Certainly, sir,' I said, 'if I am not fortunate enough to induce writers of real talent to contribute.' 'No, sir, you are mistaken, such authors will not support such a work, nor will you persuade them to write in it; you will purchase disappointment by the loss of your money, and I advise you by all means to give up the plan.' Somebody was introduced, and I took my leave."

The *Universal Museum* did fail, and Young began a career of mingled journalism and farming, in which he was far more successful with the pen than the plough. Besides various essays and journals of tours, he issued a publication called *The Annals of Agriculture*, which won him a high reputation, and secured him no less an admirer, and even contributor, than George III. His Majesty gave Young a Spanish Merino ram, and some delightful comments in a diary of the period are the result. The diarist opines that the future "shall pay more homage to the memory of a Prince that gave a ram to a farmer than for wielding the sceptre obeyed alike on the Ganges and the Thames." At a later period, unfortunately, a coolness arose, and a friend explained it by asking Young,

"in a very significant manner, whether I had not said something against the King's bull, as it was commonly reported that I had fallen foul of his Majesty's dairy; so I suppose the man who showed me the cattle reported to the King every word I had said of them, and possibly with additions. Who is it that says one should be careful in a court not to offend even a dog?"

Young's interest in things pertaining to agriculture appears to have been a remarkably catholic and intelligent one. It covered both the scientific and the economic sides of the question. He was in constant correspondence with such inquirers as Priestley and such reformers as Bentham. But it was in practical experiments, new crops and new methods, that his interest was deepest. We find him comparing the value of different kinds of grasses for pasture, and promoting the neglected cultivation of potatoes, cabbages, and turnips. At one time he is rating the farming world for their stupidity in failing to see the merit of chicory or succory as a food for sheep; at another time he is testing on the same long-suffering animals the virtues of a clothing of oilskin or canvas daubed with tar. Unfortunately, "the clothed sheep jumping hedges and ditches soon derobed themselves." But he is not so exercised with beeves and meadows as to have no eye for humanity; his description of an Irish landlord of the "Castle Rackrent" type deserves quoting:

"His hospitality was unbounded, and it never for a moment came into his head to make any provision for feeding the people he brought into his house. While credit was to be had, his butler or housekeeper did this for him: his own attention was given solely to the cellar that wine might not be wanted. If claret was secured, with a dead ox or sheep hanging in the slaughterhouse ready for steaks or cutlets, he thought all was well. He was never easy without company in the house, and with a large party in it would invite another of twice the number. One day the cook came into the breakfast-parlour before all the company, 'Sir, there's no coals.' 'Then burn turf.' 'Sir, there's no turf.' 'Then cut down a tree.' This was a forlorn hope, for, in all probability, he must have gone three miles to find one, all round the house being long ago safely swept away. They dispatched a number of cars to borrow turf. Candles were equally deficient, for, unfortunately, he was fond of dogs, all half-starved, so that a gentleman walking to what was called his bedchamber, after making two or three turnings, met a hungry greyhound, who, jumping up, took the candle out of the candlestick, and devoured it in a trice, and left him in the dark. To advance or return was equally a matter of chance, therefore, groping his way, he soon found himself in the midst of a parcel of giggling maid-servants."

In 1793 Young was appointed Secretary to the newly established Board of Agriculture, and thenceforward divided his time between London and his small estate at Braxfield. He was always in pecuniary difficulties, and in a few years a blow fell upon him which profoundly affected his character. This was the death of his dearly loved daughter, known as "Bobbin." Young had married early and not very wisely. He was fond of his wife, but she was foolish and illiterate, and they quarrelled incessantly. But it is clear from the letters and diary that "Bobbin" was the apple of her father's eye. She died through the ignorance of her doctors, and Young was inconsolable, until he came across the writings of Wilberforce, which converted him into what is called "a professing Christian" of a singularly gloomy and morbid type. From this time onward his diary is filled with expressions of religious devotion and of repentance for the "follies" of his early life. Mingled with these are mordant criticisms on those still in the world. The Christian graces certainly did not soften the asperity of his pen. Here is a sample entry:

"9th.—Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Balgrave. Balgrave is a good-tempered Suffolk parson, neglects the duty of his church, idle, indolent, drinks his bottle of port, and reads his newspaper, but what is called a respectable character, no views, nor any imprudent follies."

And, again:

"Lord Preston swears; it hurts me to hear him. I certainly ought to convert such people and reproach myself, and confess the sin every day

in my catalogue to God; but I go on and do it not. If I had wit I could laugh at it, but I have no more wit than a pig."

With this last bit of self-criticism the reader will hardly be inclined to agree. On the contrary, Young's wit and distinctly mundane shrewdness pierce often enough through religious sentiments which have hardly grown habitual to him. Immediately after his bereavement he observes, with some want of grammar:

"After a day passed in deep sorrow, Mr. Partridge read one of his sermons on the intermediate state of departed souls, and which I afterwards found was one of Jortin's."

And from time to time the old Adam breaks out. He regards himself as dead to the world:

"I have no pleasures, and wish for none, saving that comfort which religion gives me; and the sooner I make it my only pleasure the wiser I shall be. I go to no amusements, and read some Scriptures every day; never lay aside my good books but for business. I have dined out but little, and wish for no more than I have."

Two lines later he remarks, "New servants, all; and the cook, a two-handed Yahoo, and cannot boil a potato."

Young must have been a thorn in the side of his chiefs at the Board of Agriculture. His private criticisms do not mince matters. Both Sir J. Sinclair and Lord Carrington, he thought, mismanaged the business of the office shamefully. Lord Carrington was a man of no religion, and moreover, of no birth:

"He has made immensely by the loan; and the richer he grows, so much the worse. The eldest girl said to Mr. H. when he called: 'My papa used to have prayers in his family; but none since he has been a peer.' What a motive for neglecting God! Also he is a Dissenter and a democrat. A Unitarian he may be, but certainly no democrat. The Lord shew mercy to him, and, by interrupting his prosperity or lowering his health, bring him to repentance."

Presently Lord Carrington does a kindness to Young; gives him, in fact, an interest in the loan here referred to. The secretary's comment savours, perhaps, more of religion than of merely human gratitude:

"I thanked him much. Such a thing never entered my thoughts, and consequently surprised me much. He was very kind and considerate, and I am certainly much obliged to him for it. . . . . I was thankful to God for this, and meditated much on it. If God had not been willing it would not have entered his head, and I find it comfortable to attribute everything to God, as, indeed, everything ought certainly to be attributed, and the more we trust entirely to Him the better I am persuaded it is for us."

It is a curious contrast, this querulous, bitter, self-absorbed old man, with the brilliant Arthur Young of whom Fanny Burney writes: "Last night, whilst Hetty, Susy, and myself were at tea, that lively, charming, spirited Mr. Young entered the room. Oh, how glad we were to see him!"

We have by no means exhausted the interest of the biography. There are many letters from, or reminiscences of, Young's wide circle of acquaintance: Chesterfield, Dr. Burney, and Burke play their parts; most remarkable of all, perhaps, that Earl of Bristol who was also Bishop of Derry: "He was a perfect original — dressed in classical adorning." He was "so long absent from Ireland that the Primate wrote him three letters of remonstrance, and the answer he sent him was to do up and send in three blue peas in a blue bladder." He was an enthusiast in agriculture, and thought little of theology, and his letters are vastly entertaining. But it is Arthur Young himself, whose melancholy career and salient personality form the chief attraction of this fascinating book.

FRAGMENTS OF ROMANCE.

The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. —Vol. VII.: *Romances.* (Edinburgh Edition.)

The issue of the Edinburgh edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson draws to a close. One volume only, containing *St. Ives*, remains to be published. It will follow hard upon the heels of this, which is made up of various fragments that seemed to the editor, Mr. Sidney Colvin, of too good a quality, or too interesting, to be lost.

The pecuniary advantage to an author or his heirs of a limited edition of his works is often considerable—in this instance magnificent. The price of the Edinburgh edition has risen over 100 per cent. The original cost was £12 10s. A set changed hands the other day for £28. Speculation in limited editions is good sport for virtuosos, but the poor man comes badly out of such undertakings. There are people, and their number is not few, who must read and possess every published line of a favourite author. To slender-pursed Stevensonians such a laudable ambition is hopeless, as the Edinburgh edition contains writings by R. L. S. which are not to be found elsewhere. That was one of the baits held out to purchasers, to say nothing of the pleasure, to an orderly mind, of having an author in uniform size and binding. The Stevenson shelf of those who bought the volumes as they were issued by half-a-dozen publishers with half-a-dozen ideas as to size and shape, is as jumpy as a line of legal volunteers drawn up on parade. It is to be hoped Mr. Charles Baxter and Mr. Colvin will arrange with the various owners of Stevenson copyrights to bring out a cheap unlimited Edinburgh edition. We can hardly suppose any of the original subscribers will be so selfish as to wish to deprive others of a complete set of this author's works.

The present volume contains four fragments. The longest is that sombre and distinguished beginning of a masterpiece, *Weir of Hermiston*, which has already been published. Of the other three fragments, one, *The Great North Road*, was posthumously published in the *Illustrated London News* for the Christmas of 1895; the others, *Heathercat* and *The Young Chevalier*, are here printed for the first time.

There are but eight chapters to *The Great North Road*, which was written as long ago as 1884, when Stevenson was living at Bournemouth. His reasons for not finishing this romance of the highway we shall never know, nor what adventures that ingenious and fertile brain devised for these buccaneers of the road. He turned from this fragment to finish *The Dynamiter*, and he never sought *The Great North Road* again. Yet he was hopeful about the piece, although conscious of difficulty ahead.

"I thought to rattle it off like *Treasure Island*, for coin," he wrote to Mr. Henley, "but it has turned into my most ambitious design, and will take piles of writing and thinking; so that is what my highwayman has turned to. . . . I quail before the gale, but so help me it shall be done."

It was not Stevenson's usual way to quail before the gale. Moreover, the notion of writing a romance of the highway had long been in his mind, and we have Mr. Colvin's assurance that this fragment was not laid aside from any dissatisfaction with what he had done. Nevertheless, we are inclined to think that he was not altogether satisfied, and that the letter to Mr. Henley was written in a buoyant mood which did not recur. He was very ill in those days, and undertrained for so serious an effort. In truth, the fragment is a little laboured: it suggests the study rather than the open road. He turned aside to other work. He could afford to be prodigal.

The fragment of *The Young Chevalier* is much shorter than *The Great North Road*. It contains but a prologue and some four pages of the first chapter, but the mind of the master is upon those pages. The scene in the wine-shop at Avignon, where the "prologuial episode" passes, is true to his gay and fearless outlook upon life: his love for the bright eyes of danger, his contempt for drones. Here is the opening of the first and only chapter. Is it not inviting? Do not the phrases live? Is not the picture clear and romantically touched?

"That same night there was in the city of Avignon a young man in distress of mind. Now he sat, now walked in a high apartment, full of draughts and shadows. A single candle made the darkness visible; and the light scarce sufficed to show upon the wall, where they had been recently and rudely nailed, a few miniatures and a copper medal of the young man's head. The same was being sold that year in London to admiring thousands. The original was fair; he had beautiful brown eyes, a beautiful bright open face; a little feminine, a little hard, a little weak; still full of the light of youth, but already beginning to be vulgarised; a sordid bloom came upon it, the lines coarsened with a touch of puffiness. He was dressed, as for a gala, in peach-colour and silver; his breast sparkled with stars and was bright with ribbons; for he had held a levée in the afternoon and received a distinguished personage incognito. Now he sat with a bowed head, now walked precipitately to and fro, now went and gazed from the uncurtained window, where the wind was still blowing, and the lights winked in the darkness."

The first suggestion for this story came from Mr. Andrew Lang, who, in reading the curious *Tales of the Century*, had been struck by a long essay on Prince Charles's mysterious incognito. He sent the notion and documents to Stevenson in Samoa, who

received the idea gladly. The subject is referred to again and again in *Vailima Letters*.

"There are only four characters," Stevenson observes; "Francis Blair of Balmile (Jacobite Lord Gladsmuir), my hero; the Master of Ballantrae; Paradau, a wine-seller of Avignon; Mary-Madeleine, his wife. These last two I am now done with, and I think they are successful, and I hope I have Balmile on his feet; and the style seems to be found. It is a little charged and violent; sins on the side of violence; but I think will carry the tale."

There are no data to show how the story would have finally shaped itself in his fancy. "Often," adds Mr. Lang, "since Mr. Stevenson's death, in reading Jacobite MSS. unknown to me or to anyone when the story was planned, I have thought, 'He could have done something with this,' or 'This would have interested him.' *Eheu!*"

Heathercat, like *The Young Chevalier*, belongs to the last three years of Stevenson's exile in the Pacific, and is also here published for the first time. It is a story of Covenanting life in Scotland, and runs to three chapters. The author's scheme was to shift the narrative across the Atlantic, first to the Carolina plantations and next to the ill-fated Scotch settlement in Darien. About this time Mr. Crockett was at work upon his Covenanting romance—*The Men of the Moss Hags*. To Mr. Crockett Stevenson addressed some playful letters; it seemed to amuse him that they should be worrying at the same subject. One day he forwarded to the author of *The Men of the Moss Hags* a sketch of a trespass board and gallows, with R. L. Stevenson in the act of hanging S. R. Crockett, and on the board the words: "Notice.—The Cameronians are the property of me, R. L. Stevenson.—Trespassers and Raiders will be hung." In an accompanying letter he said, "I have made many notes for *Heathercat*, but do not get much forrader. For one thing, I am not inside these people yet. Wait three years and *I'll race you*." That particular race was never run. Shortly before his death he wrote to a friend that he had laid the story on the shelf, and so the awful Haddo never met retribution, and the battle between the boy Heathercat and the boy Croyer remains among the unfought fights of history. It is not a very spirited piece so far as it goes; the narrative is somewhat loose, and far behind the chapters of *Weir of Hermiston*, which conclude the volume.

As that little masterpiece has been published, widely read, and criticised, no more need be said about it here. But we may give ourselves the pleasure of quoting the dedication, although the lines are not new. Addressed to his wife, they express the thought that was ever in his mind—the thought of home.

"I saw rain falling and the rainbow drawn
On Lammermuir. Hearkening I heard again
In my precipitous city beaten bells
Winnow the keen sea wind. And here afar,
Intent on my own place and race, I wrote.
Take thou the writing: thine it is. For who
Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
Held still the target higher, chary of praise
And prodigal of counsel—who but thou?
So now in the end, if this, the least, be good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine."

He was at work upon the book, of which these lines form the dedication, on the morning of his death—"Singular that I should fulfil the Scots destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile, and have my head filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Life and Letters. Edited by Annie Fields. (Sampson Low & Co.)

"Is this the little woman who made the great war?" Abraham Lincoln did, as a fact of history, put the question in this form, and the fact stands, inasmuch as he did so publicly, by way of welcome to Harriet Beecher Stowe when the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first saw the President of the dis-United States. Nothing more was known of the interview, for they spoke apart, and Mrs. Stowe—in spite of a certain notorious incident—was a woman who knew how to add to fame the grace of privacy, and she never related her talk with Lincoln. "Is this the little woman who made the great war?" is, perhaps, a phrase to be suspected of the easy falsity of epigram; nevertheless, even with a little discount, it confesses the original motive of the Civil War, clear among the complications of State rights and State politics. That motive was obscure in its day. Abolition was, as it were, the secret of the North—a secret which the right hand kept from the left, and the heart from the lips. There would have been a disunited North, as well as a disunited North and South, had the truth been known too soon—nay, had it not been a thousand times denied. Under protection and licence of the playfulness or gallantry of a speech to a woman more than one truth has been published in the easiest and least challengeable form; and Lincoln blurted out the initial and fundamental truth with the tact of the freedom of the moment.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe was a woman of small mind, of moderate talent, of no more than sufficient education, of popular ability, of unbounded zeal, and, therefore, armed at all points to take the mind of a nation. The facts of slavery were ready for use by such a woman turned novelist—the fewer facts the better and the more manageable. Seldom has reformer had more fiery matter than these: mothers whose skins were dark had no right to so much as a day of their children's infancy; the marriage of slaves was of no validity, and the form a mere burlesque; white citizens sold their own children in open market; to educate these outcasts to the point of reading and writing was illegal. Doubtless our own social conditions clamour for reform, and the freedom of contract between man and man may be a nominal rather than an essential liberty. But at least we have the name, which means that we have also an ideal of aim; and depressing as the actual condition of the negro population in the States may be to-day in some of its aspects, it creates a disquietude for a nation rather than for all mankind. England had hopes, perhaps, from the American Civil War, and from Emancipation, which have not been wholly realised; but whenever that reform had been carried out, the transition stage must have been one of defect and peril, and in postponement was no remedy.

Happy was it for Mrs. Beecher Stowe that she lacked the profundity and the prevision to realise to the full the difficulties of the position. Optimism is the reformer's secret; it tallies with his intuitions, and leaves behind the man of cold experience whom tradition tethers. Readers, in the main, are, or were, optimistic; and the popular enthusiasm evoked by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, if it did not mould the opinion, at least forced the hands, of even eminent English statesmen. The book probably beat all the records. It sold more than any book has ever sold in the United States, and in England it made the writer a celebrity akin to that of a female Garibaldi. The book appeared serially at first, the opening chapter in *The National Era* of Washington for April, 1850. Some passages pieced together from letters written and generally addressed to her absent husband—a Professor in somewhat weak health and spirits—by Mrs. Stowe just before this date, add to the interest of the book's romantic commercial history:

"You are not able to bear anything, my dear husband, therefore trust all to me. I am already making arrangements with editors to raise money. . . . Then comes a letter from my husband" [this she says to her sister-in-law] "saying he is sick abed, and all but dead; don't ever expect to see his family again; wants to know how I shall manage in case I am left a widow; warns me to be prudent, as there won't be much to live on." . . . "Christmas is coming and our little household is all alive with preparations, everyone collecting little gifts with wonderful mystery and secrecy. To tell the truth, dear, I am getting tired—my neck and back ache." . . . "As long as the baby sleeps with me nights I can't do much at anything, but I will write that thing if I live." . . . "When I have a headache and feel sick, as I do to-day, there is actually not a place in the house where I can lie down and take a nap without being disturbed. If I lock my door and lie down, someone is sure to be rattling the latch before fifteen minutes have passed." . . . "There is no doubt in my mind that our expenses this year will come two hundred dollars, if not three, beyond our salary."

The story was at last ended in the *National Era* for April, 1852. Then the first thing she did, when the thing got into volume form, was to send copies, accompanied by letters, to Dickens, Macaulay, Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Shaftesbury. Mr. Jewett, the Boston publisher, young and fortunate, had sold three thousand copies before the letters of acknowledgment and congratulation began to pour in—nearly the first to come was Jenny Lind's. "God wrote the book," was the cry of the author in the first flush of the great notoriety which we may call even great fame; and there was no pose or elation in the attribution, but only a refuge she humbly created for her own modesty. "It is not

fame or praise that contents me," she writes to her husband amid the prosperity that enriched all her nature: "I seem never to have needed love so much as now. I long to hear you say how much you love me."

Popularity came by leaps and bounds. Over three hundred thousand copies of the book were sold within a year, and eight presses, running night and day, were hardly able to keep pace with the growing demand for it. The praises of George Sand, who introduced the book to France, were on the scale of the sales—or a little beyond. "The life and death of a little child and of a negro slave—that is the whole book!" she wrote.

"The affection that unites them, the respect of these two perfect ones for each other, is the only love-story, the only passion, of the drama. I know not what other genius but that of sanctity itself could shed over this situation a charm so powerful and so sustained. All is so new, so beautiful, that one asks one's self, in thinking of it, whether the success of the work is, after all, equal to the height of its conception."

The events of Mrs. Stowe's visits to England are sufficiently familiar. She found ducal houses like fairy palaces, thanks, it would seem, to the noiseless-stepping servants who anticipated her wants. A final zest must have been added to the kindly lionising of Mrs. Stowe indulged in by the Duchess of Sutherland and others when they were able to whisper that the Queen herself was poring over the pages of the story that had been taken in England, no less than in America, to the great popular heart. The sympathy between Mrs. Stowe and the great people she met—George Eliot among the number—was personal rather than intellectual. As a result, we do not find much insight in her records of meetings that might otherwise have been memorable. The best account by far is that of her visit to Charles Kingsley, the enthusiasm of whose Churchmanship has been put into shade elsewhere by comments, kind or angry, on its breadth; and who is better known as a talker by his stammering than by his at the same time valiantly voluble tongue. It was no new thing to Mrs. Stowe to go to the house of complete strangers, yet her "heart fluttered" as she drove up in the dark to the house of the author of *Westward Ho!* She writes to her husband:

"We were met in the hall by a man who stammers a little in his speech, and whose inquiry, 'Is this Mrs. Stowe?' was our first positive introduction. He is tall, slender, with blue eyes, brown hair, and a hale well-browned face, and somewhat loosely jointed withal. His wife is a real Spanish beauty. How we did talk and go on for three days! I guess he is tired. I'm sure we were. He is a nervous, excitable being, and talks with head, shoulders, arms, and hands, while his hesitance makes it the harder. Of his theology I will say more at another time; but he is, what I did not expect, a zealous Churchman."

She met another great talker in Macaulay, whose attitude towards her was less indulgent than that of others; and each formed of the other an unfavourable opinion which neither took the trouble to conceal.

Mrs. Stowe did not hit on any other novel with a supreme purpose; and her subsequent works were read mainly because they were by the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. At the end she faded serenely out of life. "My mind wanders like a running brook, and I do not think of my friends as I used to, unless they recall themselves to me by some kind action." Sadly she says she is "like the still silkworm who has spun out all his silk and can spin no more." Then she became what is sometimes called "absent," and again "like a little child." The power of her mind was gone, but she wandered about, pleased with flowers, and arrested by singing, especially the singing of hymns. She was eighty-five years of age, although "a little child," when she died in the July of 1896.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS.

The Quest of Happiness. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Seeley & Co.)

To write of happiness it is perhaps well that one should know something of the opposite condition of life. Few men on this hypothesis were better qualified to expound the science of happiness than the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who, in this unfinished book, for it is published as a fragment of the author's original scheme, has left behind him an admirably practical philosophy of life. "It was written," we are told, "when the author was held in the clutches of a mortal disease, and knew that he was nearing the end of life." Almost at the gate of the other world, for which, be it observed, he carried none of the passports furnished by religion, he paused to reflect upon the abundant provision made in this world for the happiness of those who are qualified to avail themselves of it, his aim being to show that in most cases the prize is more nearly within our reach than the habitual pessimist is apt to suppose. His science of happiness Hamerton learnt in the school of adversity. "His childhood," it appears, "was exceptionally lonely and miserable, for his mother died when he was an infant, and he was brutally treated by a dissolute and drunken father." At school his "lack of physical strength and his morbid sensitiveness prevented him from taking part in the usual boyish games." After a brief career in the army, for which he was constitutionally unfitted—another unpleasant experience—he devoted himself to poetry and art, and here he suffered the disappointment of failure. As a *pis-aller*, and under stress of circumstances which compelled him to earn a livelihood, he turned to literature—a hard task-mistress, too—and wrote the *Painters' Camp*, which from the first caught the fancy of the reading public. Thus success, when it did come, came to him from a quarter in which he had not looked for it. He was practical-minded enough to accept with a cheerful heart such gifts as the gods chose to send him, but "the particular success for which he had always longed was never his."

Upon these experiences Hamerton founds his philosophy.

"Happiness," he writes, "enough, and much more than I ever expected, has been mine, but it has been very various in character and always very difficult to keep. The effect upon me has been as if an interesting volume were snatched out of my hands when I was in the middle of it, and another substituted, quite as interesting but not what I wanted at the time."

In eighteen chapters, dealing with such subjects as occupation, natural gifts, the exercise of the senses and other faculties, reality and the pursuit of the ideal, the author sets forth the principles which he deduces from his own life and his observation of the world around. They may be very briefly expressed: "Indulge your dreams of the ideal if you will, but make the most of the disappointing reality, because it will be found that that too has its good side," or, in other words, "Adjust your life to the universe as it exists." Such is the message that Hamerton gives to those who consult his pages. He repeats it in many forms.

"The power of seeing things as they really are without being biassed by the desire to have them as we think they ought to be, is of all gifts the most desirable, with a view to a rational though not an intoxicating kind of happiness."

This is one of his sayings, and another, more subtle and true, is that "the interest of human life which never ends is due chiefly to the imperfect and precarious character of our happiness," such as it is. In fact, he lands himself in something like a paradox. Speaking of the pursuit of happiness, which he thinks as desirable as the pursuit of wealth, learning, or reputation, he observes

"that the happiness we attain, though it is not the ideal, is still worth and more than worth the trouble and pains we take for its acquisition; that if we do not get all the happiness we had counted upon, we get very much that we have never deserved and that has never entered into our calculations, and, finally, that owing to certain peculiarities in our nature, there are good reasons for believing that complete felicity, supposing it to be possible, would be unsuitable for us, and is therefore undesirable."

A "practical philosophy" we have called this, and no doubt the attempt to practice it by those who cared to make the quest of happiness a definite pursuit, like that of education, would, so far as it was operative, prove beneficial. It is difficult to imagine the spirit of resignation which it inculcates proving detrimental. Whether the fundamentals of the problem of happiness are here, however, may be doubted. At Mrs. Hamerton's instance a chapter is added to the book, entitled "Some Real Experiences." This the author had rejected as fitting in badly with his plan; but it seems to us that some of these experiences point to a truer theory of happiness than that upon which Mr. Hamerton insists. Here is one:

"A well-preserved old Frenchman told me that the mere boon of life itself appeared to him infinitely precious. His own happiness was in seeing and thinking, perhaps more especially in seeing. He enjoyed these pleasures intensely, even in age, notwithstanding the anxieties and humiliations which in his own case had accompanied a transition from easy circumstances to poverty. On the whole he had enjoyed his existence on earth and should leave this world with regret, though fully

assured of another and still more interesting existence in a future state."

Does not this experience—and there are others equally significant in a negative sense—indicate that the faculty of happiness is at bottom a natural endowment, that some organisations are productive of happiness as others are of the reverse, circumstances in all cases counting for little? Joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain—what are they? Merely an efficient or an inefficient expenditure of nerve-energy! If an organ contains an abundance of stored-up nerve-force, it responds pleasurably to a stimulus; in the contrary case it responds painfully or not at all. The feeling of being well or ill, happy or unhappy, joyful or oppressed—a mere question of nerve-force! When our organs—stomach, limbs—are over-charged with this vital principle we feel a craving to employ them, and the consequent discharge of the stored-up energy gives us relief or pleasure. Life is then worth living. When, on the other hand, our systems are feeble, and the stimulus of air in our lungs or food in our stomachs is in excess of the nerve-energy which is there to meet it, the result is weariness or pain. Life is then a burden. Work out this principle in detail and it will be found to hold good. If you exercise an appetite too freely you use up the nerve-energy that keeps it active; it ceases to respond, and you are satiated with what was at first a pleasure.

In fine, the measure of happiness belonging to all of us is great or small according to our constitutions; it can be filled up to the brim by the simplest means—by the so-called necessaries of life, in fact—and you can no more add to it by an habitual indulgence in luxuries than you can pour a quart of beer into a pint pot. Where the bare necessaries of life are wanting, there is, of course, pain. But a beef-and-beer-fed Socialist has no reason to envy the millionaire his ingots. After exerting himself for half a lifetime to accumulate money, the rich man who is gifted with common sense is but too apt to sit down and marvel at the vanity of it all. He clings to his ingots, of course, because he knows of nothing better to do; but the Socialist, if he got them, would probably feel that he had been grasping at a shadow. Every human organisation possesses a working basis of its own. Circumstances such as the accession of wealth or the loss of position may exalt or depress the nervous system; but the effect is temporary. The nerves will not permanently remain in an abnormal state of tension or laxity. Inevitably they return to the mean. Mark Tapley and Scrooge are equally themselves again.

Mr. Hamerton has left us an interesting book on a subject which lies close to all hearts, but its value consists in its being the record of an individual view of life. It is an unsafe basis for a generalisation.

HOGARTH AS TOPOGRAPHER.

William Hogarth. By Austin Dobson. (Kegan Paul.)

Mr. Dobson has amplified still further his biography of Hogarth. The volume before us is enlarged and revised from the first edition of 1891, which was itself an expansion of a smaller volume in the "Great Artists" series. Although the present edition may be considered to be Mr. Dobson's finished monument to Hogarth, it is not necessary that we should examine in detail a work which, in its main features, is known to the reading public. Rather we choose to touch on a side issue. Hogarth's amazing industry as a topographer of London is brought home afresh by the beautiful illustrations in this book, and to this side of his genius it may not be improper to draw attention once more.

Hogarth's own life looms through his London pictures. He lived in London all his days, and in one district after another. Thus, he drew his first breath in Bartholomew Close. He was apprenticed in Cranbourne-alley, Leicester Fields. He lived in Long-lane, Smithfield, with his widowed mother and sisters. In his most impressionable years he studied drawing in Covent Garden. He brought his young wife to "summer lodgings" in Lambeth. As a young man he took long walks; we hear of him at Highgate, and at the "Bull and Bush" inn at Hampstead. At last he settled in Leicester Fields, close to every scene of gaiety and fashion. Had he been an ordinary observer his knowledge of London must have been extensive and peculiar. But an eye that missed nothing, a memory that never failed—is it wonderful that eighteenth century London lives in the backgrounds of his prints so vividly as to produce a positive illusion, a queer obsession? One might pore over the engravings of the *Four Times of Day* until the air of Dr. Johnson's London fills one's lungs. For these prints appeared in 1738, the year in which Johnson's satire, *London*, took the town by storm. One may say of them, as Lamb said of the "Gin-lane" print, they are "perfectly amazing and astounding to look at."

Three of these scenes are laid in London, the fourth takes us to Islington. In the "Morning" picture we are outside the low dark door of Tom King's Coffee House in Covent Garden. It is five minutes to eight. Two boys are going to school. A starchy old maid is crossing the square to enter St. Paul's Church, a little dismayed at having to pass some boisterous market women and porters who are grouped round a fire. Behind these some of Tom King's customers are quarrelling as they leave the coffee house. A fruit porter, in the distance, is leaning on a rail, tired by his early spell of work. The houses rise in quiet dignity, in early morning cleanness. It is all convincing. Truly, if it makes the student believe that King's Coffee House stood in front of St. Paul's portico, Hogarth misleads him; for King's stood opposite Tavistock-row. Except for this licence, Hogarth gives us the very Covent Garden of 1738.

In his "Noon" plate—beautifully reproduced in Mr. Dobson's volume—we are as near to reality. The scene is Hog-lane, a street now lost in the Charing Cross-road. But there, above the houses, rises the tower of St. Giles's Church as we see it to-day. In the "Evening" there is less to recognise; but how faithful to history is the glimpse of the New River, the rural freshness, and the milking of a cow by a dairymaid. The maid belongs, perhaps, to Mr. Pocock's farm; and one is pleased to think that, having milked her cow in "Noon," we see her again crying "*Milk Below*" in the "Enraged Musician." A well set-up lass she is, and she has made nothing of the walk from Islington to St. Martin's-lane, where now we meet her.

The fourth plate, "Night," is an exaggeration. The Salisbury coach upset at Charing Cross and lying in a bonfire was not a typical incident. The humours of the piece, too, are low, and one's eye, seeking something familiar, rests gratefully on the equestrian statue of Charles I. in the background. But the Barber's sign is interesting: "Shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch—*ecce signum*." Hogarth threw immortality like a spray over such trifles.

A faithful record of eighteenth century London is the twelfth plate of "Industry and Idleness." The Industrious Apprentice, become Lord Mayor, is turning into Cheapside on his triumphant way back to the Mansion House. His state carriage is seen passing the spot in which the Peel statue now stands, and the spectator, looking south from St. Martin's-le-Grand, sees St. Paul's-Churchyard in the background, the east end of the Cathedral projecting into his view. The Cheapside houses, the distant Cannon-street, the roofs and windows alive with sightseers, are all the very mintage of the time. This series, indeed, is a panorama of London. In Plate V. the Idle Apprentice is being rowed past Cuckold's Point to his ship; we see the bleak Thames of that day with four weird, lonely windmills beckoning on its north shore, while lower down, dreadfully distinct in the distance, a river pirate's body swings above the waves from a gibbet. In Plate VI. we have a faithful picture of a City street, with the base of the Monument closing the background. In Plate VIII. we are in the Guildhall; in Plate XI. at Tyburn, on the edge of London, and above the many-headed scene of execution the hills of Hampstead smile far away. One might multiply Hogarth's triumphs of topographical exactness to a fabulous extent. As Mr. Dobson says: "He gives us, unromanced and unidealised, the actual *mise-en-scène*, 'the form and pressure,' the authentic details and accessories, of the age in which he lived."

DEAN FARRAR'S LATEST.

Allegories. By Frederic W. Farrar. (Longmans.)

"'There he goes, quoting two more poets in one line!' said Festus." Nor could Festus have more happily hit off a leading feature in his creator's own literary method. Dean Farrar must have an extraordinary memory to garner up all these stray fragments of verse that flow so readily from his magnificent pen. The quality of them is, of course, to say the least of it, fluctuating; but you cannot have everything, and, after all, a bad quotation is better than no quota-

tion at all. As with quotations, so with epithets and imagery. The gorgeous pages glitter like the windows of a Burlington Arcade shop.

"The softly verdant meadows sprinkled with their golden flowers, the great trees with their waving boughs, the sun in the blue heavens with its glories of crimson sunset and rosy dawn, the strong mountains, the sweet and balmy air, the yellow wealth of harvests, the crystal of the running streams, the stars shedding their spiritual lustre through the purple twilight, the innocent mirth and laughter of young voices—the glory, and the wonder, and the power, and dread magnificence of nature delighted him."

How rich in colour; how sumptuous it is! And if the adjectives, for all their profuseness, seem a little conventional and obvious, what of that? Meadows *are* "verdant," the heavens *are* "blue," the dawn *is* "rosy," why not say so?

For our part, were we to set out after a popular literary success, we should pray the gods to give us precisely the literary equipment and the literary temper of Dean Farrar. Not to be afraid of the obvious; to sit straight down and paint away with the crude palette of the house painter, to treat literature as a *tabula rasa*, to symbolise as if nobody else had ever symbolised from John the Divine to Maurice Maeterlinck: that surely is the secret of fame. But, if you begin to look back, to criticise yourself, to ask whether this or that thought is quite your own, or, still worse, whether this or that sentence is written quite as well as you could write it, then it is all up with you; you become a mere man of letters. But from this fate Dean Farrar's robustness of purpose, no less than his pulpit training, has happily saved him.

These *Allegories* are allegories of the moral development of youth—something like Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, only not so coarse. One of them, *The Life Story of Aner*, ends thus:

"The bark touched the shore. No trumpets sounded for him on the other side, but two bright forms, clad with wings, met him and took him by the hand. They clothed him in white raiment. They entered a gate of pearl, and through a sea of heavenly light he saw a rainbow round a throne, in sight like unto an emerald. Aner flung himself upon his face. The wounded hand of Imrah raised him, and when he dared to look up he saw the glory of his father's countenance, and his father smiled on him, and welcomed his weary wanderer home."

Now, we maintain that to write like this, in all good faith, as if you were at the beginning of things, is a sign of genuine self-confidence; and the value of self-confidence as a literary quality, has, perhaps, hardly been sufficiently recognised. The last, and most ingenious, story in the book is a sort of allegorisation of *Eric*. As it does not profess to be anything but an allegory, the sickly sentimentality, which makes the real schoolboy kick *Eric* across the classroom and speak rudely of it as "rot," does not so much matter. Nevertheless, we expect, and hope, that the schoolboy will do some kicking, if it is only for the sake of the pretty, long-haired children and the large-winged angels of the illustrations.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Portrait Miniatures. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D.

MINIATURE painters flatter themselves that 1895 saw a renascence of their art. Those, however, who visit a modern exhibition will feel that this boast is only partly justified. The trail of the coloured photograph is still over it all, and the few works inspired by real artistic temperament stand out from a background of wearied conventions and commercial sentiment. If the revival is to come, it must be largely through studying the spirit and not the letter of the past. To this desirable result Dr. Williamson's capital handbook may contribute no little. Less sumptuous in design than Dr. Lumsden Propert's monumental treatise, to which, of course, it owes much, it will be an excellent introduction to the subject for many would-be artists and would-be collectors for whom that magnificent quarto is an unattainable delight. The letterpress is lucid and full of information; the illustrations, though as examples of process-work they contrast ill with Dr. Propert's, will yet give more than an idea, at least, of the style of composition affected by the great masters. The greatest of these, in their respective days, were doubtless Holbein, Hilliard, and Cosway, and of each of these Dr. Williamson has his adequate account to give. Of the missal miniature he says nothing, but adds a chapter on enamel miniatures, and another on foreign work. While upon this subject we may correct an error which most recent writers upon Holbein have fallen into. Holbein was in England on a first visit for three years from 1526. But Dr. Williamson, following Dr. Propert, will not attribute to him any court miniatures of this period, on the ground that he was merely the private guest of Sir Thomas More, and cannot be shown to have had anything to do with the court. Yet from the State papers so laboriously calendared by Dr. Brewer we learn that in 1527 "Master Hans and his company" were engaged in decorating a new revels house in the tiltyard at Greenwich. And who should "Master Hans" be if not Holbein? No other painter so named can be traced in England at the time.

Index to the Prerogative Wills of Ireland, 1536-1810. By Sir Arthur Vicars, F.S.A., Ulster King of Arms. (Ponsonby.)

Of recent years a vast amount of silent, patient, often wearisome, and almost always unremunerative labour has been devoted to the task of organising and rendering accessible the immense and ill-ordered mass of materials that exist for genealogical research. The extent to which this disinterested and ill-requited toil is going on around us throughout the land is probably unknown outside the limited class of professional experts, except to the comparatively few who dabble as amateurs in heraldry and genealogy, or who have occasion to resort to official assistance in such matters. When we say that this is obviously one of those taxonomic duties which ought to be undertaken by the State, it is hardly necessary to add that with us it is mainly neglected by the State. Not wholly so, it is true, for here and there, in the usual spasmodic and incomplete manner in which similar public responsibilities are dealt with in this country, Record Commissions, Record Reports, Rolls publications, and so forth, have immediately or incidentally effected something in this direction. Still, the bulk of the work remains yet undone, and the bulk of what has been done has been carried out by the various antiquarian societies in the capital and the provinces, or by casual and sporadic individual zeal. The growing sense, however, of the waste of power and of the discouragement that is apt to attend independent and unco-ordinated activity of this kind may be seen, for instance, in the formation of such bodies as the "Committee for the Transcription and Publication of Parish Registers": a field of industry in which drudgery must verily, like virtue, be its own reward. Sir Arthur Vicars's *Index to the Prerogative Wills of Ireland* is a valuable contribution to the sum of excellent work already turned out in this department of investigation. He has arranged and, for the first time, given to the public the indexes compiled for the Irish Record Commission by his predecessor in office, Sir William Betham. For the purposes of the genealogist wills are all-important, giving, as they frequently do, particulars concerning several generations of a family, such as names, kinship and alliances, property and social position, besides autographs, and, when of earlier date, seals of arms. To criticise such a book as this is impossible. Its merit must lie in its completeness and in its scrupulous accuracy, points which a reviewer has no opportunity of testing; but that the handsome volume before us possesses these essential qualities the name of the present Ulster King of Arms will be sufficient guarantee.

Memorials, Journal, and Correspondence of Charles Cardale Babington. (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.)

Prof. Babington was a field botanist of high repute. He worked hard at classification, wrote the best of handbooks, and became the leading authority on the innumerable forms assumed by the common bramble. He was also a learned antiquarian, a non-smoker, and a friend to missions. If Prof. Mayor had expanded his obituary notice in the *Eagle* into a memoir of a hundred pages, we should have been grateful. We are not grateful for an ill-arranged tome of five times that length which contains among other things a diary extending over sixty-six years, with entries of about one line for each day, and forming apparently a complete record of such exterior facts of the Professor's life as the flowers he picked and the men he met at dinner. The voluminous correspondence, also, almost entirely technical in character, is of no general interest, and can be of very little scientific value. It is a pity for the posthumous reputation of many men that the preparation of their biographies falls into the hands of relatives with no literary understanding and no sense of proportion.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

SHREWSBURY. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Romantic history after Mr. Weyman's customary brave recipe. The narrator was born near Bishop's Stortford in 1666 ("my father, a small yeoman"), and subsequently he became the *protégé* of Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury, and the participator in the great events of 1695 and 1696. The pages are busy with intrigue, plot and counter-plot, blows and counter-blows. Readers who take up the book and glancing at it find a too liberal allowance of "D——s" are warned that it is not an oath, but someone's name thus presented in deference to the narrator's sense of delicacy. The story has two dozen pictures. (Longmans & Co. 410 pp. 6s.)

FOR THE RELIGION. By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

"Being the records," adds the author, "of Blaise De Bernauld." The period is that just anterior to Dumas' Chicot cycle. Mr. Drummond, who is known to novel-readers for his *Gobelin Grange*, has a vigorous pen and a nice feeling for romance. Here are a few chapter-headings: "Why Marcel Rode Post from Paris"; "Why the King Sent to Carmeux"; "The Finding of the Witch-wife." (Smith, Elder & Co. 344 pp. 6s.)

CLEO THE MAGNIFICENT. By "Z. Z."

Morgan Druce is a poet; Cleo is an adventuress of considerable personal attraction. Morgan is dreaming away his life and avoiding facts when he meets her. He is in love with another woman, but he marries Cleo, and his eyes are opened. Thus does Cleo become his "Muse of the Real," which is the author's sub-title. Morgan wins his way back to serenity through hard work and privation. A sound piece of work. (W. Heinemann. 313 pp. 6s.)

AGAINST THE TIDE. By MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

A study in homicidal mania and twins. The twins are a girl and a boy, Hilary and Darrent; and the homicidal maniac marries their elder sister. Those who know Miss Dickens's earlier novels will feel sure that this is carefully written and carefully thought. It is, indeed, an engrossing story, with a plot possessing merits of novelty. (Hutchinson & Co. 357 pp. 6s.)

ACROSS COUNTRY. By JOHN GILBERT.

Here we have a sporting romance of the uncompromising kind. If you do not care for the pigskin, you will not care for the hero, Jack Merton, who is more centaur than man. The book is written with a sprightly, though undistinguished, pen. (Digby, Long & Co. 255 pp. 3s. 6d.)

GILBERT MALLOY. By CAMPBELL H. SADLER.

Mr. Sadler is a Salopian, and proud of it. In the wish to make us all Salopians, at least in spirit, he wrote this romance of old Shrewsbury. The reason that it ends mournfully is that Mascagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," does—which is a naïve confession. By way of frontispiece you see the author's physiognomy, and various photographs delay the tale. (Mowbray & Co. 280 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A FORGOTTEN SIN. By DOROTHEA GERARD.

This is the story of a mercenary marriage. The financial crash which threatens Robert Morell is averted, and the marriage of his young daughter Esmé involves, after all, no sacrifice of her happiness. The character of her wayward and wealthy lover, Charles Dennison, is subtly drawn; and the scene in the stock-broker's office, when Mr. Morell learns that Brazilian Stars are "dished," is well told. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 319 pp. 6s.)

A CHRISTMAS ACCIDENT, AND OTHER STORIES. By ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

These stories, which appeared in various American magazines, are good specimens of the American short story of domestic humours. The first tells how the Giltons and Biltons lived unhappily as next-door neighbours by reason of Mr. Gilton's and Mr. Bilton's quarrelsomeness. The Giltons had money, but no children or happiness; the Biltons were numerous and cheerful, but poor. After many disagreements caused on one occasion by the butcher's boy leaving the Giltons' joints at the Biltons' door (once the Biltons consumed an entire Gilton dinner under pure misapprehension), a reconciliation is brought about by a happy device. (Hodder & Stoughton. 233 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A DAUGHTER OF ASTREA. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

An extravaganza that opens on a Pacific island, where stands "the sacred temple of the people of Astrea," and ends in Piccadilly. It is perhaps needless to say that a beautiful maiden is about to be sacrificed and that the hero saves her. The rest is high priests and rubies and temple shades. But a white-robed high priest who leaves the "Hills of Rubies," pursues his victim with a steamer-load of bloodthirsty natives, and who turns up later at the Empire Music-hall in "faultless evening dress," is a somewhat strained link between barbarism and civilisation. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 191 pp. 1s.)

A WOMAN TEMPTED HIM. By WILLIAM WESTALL.

A woman tempted him with £10,000 to compass the death of his friend, the heir to millions. A clergyman's wife too! He was proof against the bribe; and the heir, of his own accord, skated on unsafe ice and was drowned. Suspicion and exoneration followed. A rather clever, but in the main a sordid, story. (Chatto & Windus. 301 pp. 6s.)

JOHN ARMSTRONG. By MAJOR GREENWOOD.

This story is laid at Norwich, and is almost entirely medical in its interest, the chief incident being a libel action brought by Dr. John Armstrong, against a surgeon who charged him with having performed a reckless operation at St. Barnabas's Hospital, resulting in the death of the patient. We cannot think that this long novel is calculated to interest the ordinary reader. (Digby, Long, & Co. 322 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Tragedy of the "Korosko." By A. Conan Doyle. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mr. Doyle went to Egypt in the capacity of war correspondent to the *Westminster Gazette*. The impressions gained during this expedition he has worked up into a romance. That about sums up all that need be said of *The Tragedy of the "Korosko,"* which is a rather lightly constructed work, unworthy, *qud* literature, of the author of *The White Company* and *Micah Clarke*. Nevertheless, Mr. Doyle's light work has qualities which make it worth reading, if not exactly worth keeping: it is fluent, and the plot seldom falters. In the present instance, a party of tourists visiting the rock of Abousir, beyond the Second Cataract, are pounced upon and carried off by Dervishes. Their donkey boys, escort, and two of themselves fall victims to the necessity for introducing scenes of Baggara bloodshed and brutality. The rest are bound, gagged, and hustled off across the desert, until they fall into the hands of the Emir Abderrahman, who insists that they shall become converted or die. A moolah is deputed to attend to their spiritual needs,

and, with the aid of a typical Frenchman, who is one of the victims, they endeavour to protract his ministrations and soothe suspicion until a rescue party should have time to get on their track. Mr. Doyle, however, makes a couple of his Irish Catholics give the game away, and the scene which follows is one of the finest in the book:

"'Sure we're in God's hands, anyway,' said Mrs. Belmont, in her soothing Irish voice. 'Kneel down with me, John, dear, if it's the last time, and pray that, earth or heaven, we may not be divided.'

'Don't do that, don't!' cried the Colonel anxiously, for he saw that the eye of the moolah was upon them. But it was too late, for the two Roman Catholics had dropped upon their knees, and crossed themselves. A spasm of fury passed over the face of the Mussulman priest at this public testimony to the failure of his missionary efforts. He turned and said something to the Emir.

'Stand up!' cried Mausoor. 'For your life's sake, stand up! He is asking for leave to put you to death.'

'Let him do what he likes!' said the obstinate Irishman. 'We will rise when our prayers are finished, and not before.'

'Don't be a fool, Belmont!' cried the Colonel. 'Everything depends on our humouring them. Do get up, Mrs. Belmont! You are only putting their backs up!'

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders as he looked at them.

'*Mon Dieu!*' he cried, 'were there ever such impracticable people? *Voilà!*' he added with a shriek, as the two American ladies fell upon their knees beside Mrs. Belmont. 'It is like the camels; one down, all down! Was ever anything so absurd?'

But Mr. Stephens had knelt down beside Sadie and buried his haggard face in his long thin hands. Only the Colonel and M. Fardet remained standing. Cochrane looked at the Frenchman with an interrogative eye.

'After all,' he said, 'it is stupid to pray all your life, and not to pray now when we have nothing to hope for except through the goodness of Providence. He dropped upon his knees with a rigid military back, but his grizzled, unshaven chin upon his breast. The Frenchman looked at his kneeling companions, and then his eyes travelled to the angry faces of the Emir and moolah.

'Sapristi!' he growled. 'Do they suppose that a Frenchman is afraid of them?' and so with an ostentatious sign of the cross he took his place beside the others. Foul, bedraggled and wretched, the seven figures knelt and waited humbly for their fate under the shadow of the palm-trees."

Of course, in the end the party are rescued from their dreadful predicament by a flying squadron of "Gippies" from Wady Halfa; and the incident gives Mr. Doyle his chance to throw in a pretty description of desert warfare. There are many touches of an observant eye also scattered throughout the book, and little revelations of "purpose" crop out here and there, not always so intimately blended with the regular strata as artistic considerations would demand. As the purpose is, however, mainly the defence of our position and work in Egypt there is little cause for complaint on this score, though some who do not know the reptile French press of Egypt, and the jealousy of which Frenchmen in Egypt are capable, may think that an unfair use has been made of M. Fardet and his political ravings. To such there always remains an interesting subject for study in the history of the *barrage* at the Delta, as told in the French Cairene newspapers. And when they have perused the intricacies of that entertaining narrative, which is itself as good as a novel, they will perhaps be less inclined to resent the usé which Mr. Doyle has made of his, in many ways charming and gallant, Frenchman.

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The Confession of Stephen Whapshare. By Emma Brooke. (Hutchinson & Co.)

The chief fault of this story is a certain crudeness; and we say this in full view of the fact that the writer has published several novels, one of which was conspicuously successful. Stephen Whapshare is a strong, self-educated man of the people who, in his youth, marries a saintly and invalid wife. Her whims and piety keep him always in a morbid atmosphere, and his manhood is sapped for the lack of the living, breathing world. Then the other woman, Ellinor, comes on the scene and tempts him to break his chain. He gives his wife an overdose of chloral, and she dies; but he finds himself no nearer liberty, for his crime stands before him, and he dare not accept the other woman's love. In the end they separate to work out their own salvations, and he wins peace only by finding a man more wretched than himself and setting him on the road to happiness. The book closes with a sort of religious ecstasy.

The work has power, which lies chiefly in the epic sequence of the narrative, the imaginative use of landscape, the frequent subtlety in the characterisation, and the real vigour and charm of much of the phrasing. Occasionally this same fashion of writing is overdone, and the note is too high-pitched and hysterical. But the main fault is this—that the book which begins in drama shades off into rhetoric and ends incoherently. In the early chapters, the strong man and his helpless, self-indulgent, pietistic wife are very real people, and their quick estrangement has the irony of fine work. But with the murder reality leaves the tale. We find ourselves in the wastes of turgid self-analysis, where every mood and every speech is strained and histrionic. The writer no longer thinks of the human drama: it is now a story of mental states where action is less important than the moral lesson it symbolises. Finally, it all ends with logical correctness, but without proper emotional effect, since a statement of religious beliefs is no fitting consummation to a tale of the "hunger for life." The incident of Pete Labrum all but revives interest, save that it is too obviously introduced for its ethical significance and not for its pure narrative quality. The book is clever in its way, but in our judgment the writer has been tempted to forget that emotion is not touched by a mere narrative of emotion and to fall from fiction to rhapsody.

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This Little World. By D. Christie Murray. (Chatto & Windus.)

The plot of *This Little World* is simple enough. A village youth and a village maiden leave their native hamlet—one to become a great artist, the other to become a famous singer; and in the end they marry one another. Mr. Murray, however, is independent of his plot, and succeeds in interesting us by the delicacy of his characterisation. The ex-pugilist and his fellow-villagers at Wood Side are excellently drawn; so, too, are half a score of minor characters, such as Sloman, the picture dealer, and Cassidy, the Irish friend of Jack Cutler, the artist. Any artist who is disturbed by the criticism of the provincial press may listen to Mr. Cassidy, who thought there was a coalition against Jack:

"'Coalition be hanged!' said Jack. 'These notices come from every corner of Great Britain.'

'Don't ye believe it, me boy,' said Cassidy. 'They go to every corner of Great Britain, but they're written, every loine of 'em, in Fleet-street. Did ye ever see a first noight at the theatre? There's sixty critics there, we'll say, and ye'll fancy that ye'd get sixty opinions, wouldn't ye? Ye'll not get two. They'll get together in the bar, and the little fry will listen to what the big fish have to say, and the biggest fish among the big fish will bark the other Johnnies down.'

'That's a pretty simile, Bill,' said Jack."

It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. Murray on having written a—is it a thirty-third?—novel as good as this.

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A Man of the Moors. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

This book affords one more proof that there is abundance of novel-writing capacity wasted for lack of patience and care and labour. We propose to show what Mr. Sutcliffe ought to have done if he had been in less hurry and more anxious to give us of his best.

First, then, Leo Ruddick, and the besotted "thing" who is legally his wife, and the young woman he is in love with, should have been ruthlessly eliminated; they have appeared before in the fiction of the moors, they formed the chief *dramatis personæ* of *Jane Eyre*. Here they are not only a plagiarism, they are superfluous. Secondly, the leading women need bracing and tightening up. The heroine is the ill-used wife of a drunken stonemason. She is divorced before being married to the hero. Mr. Sutcliffe has not half thought her out. On the one hand, she is ill-used to such an extent that it leads to her early death; she is nightly assailed with foul language, and goes through unutterable horrors. Nevertheless, she has refinement and charm enough to captivate an artist, a gentleman, and a squire of dames united, in the person of Griff Lomax. The novelist entirely fails to make this affair credible. And the other married woman of the tragedy is a still more flagrant contradiction in terms. Her action is constant, passionate, unconventional; but he describes her—is forced to describe her by the exigencies of the story—as a shallow society fool. One way or the other, Mrs. Ogilvie cries aloud for revision.

Second, when he does get a woman fairly right he is apt to spoil a good idea with rhetoric: for example, old Mother Strangeways, drunkard, witch, and murderess, is extremely well conceived, and wanted only working out to become remarkable. The author, too, saw what was needed. He invented a superstition for her—that when an old clock tumbled she would die. In her own words:

"'Sitha, lad! It wobbles summat fearful, does th' owd clock. First to right, then to left, it wobbles reg'lar. *Tick-tack, tick-tack* goes the inside—an' *tick-tack, tick-tack* goes th' outside, keeping time. It's a sign, Joe: I'm noan long for this world, now that th' owd clock has ta'en to wobbling. Five-and-eighty year we've bided together—*tick-tack, tick-tack*, me an' th' clock—and now it's started to dither. Tha'll noan hev a grandam sooin, Joe."

What a grim, horrible humour might have been brought to play here! But the author was in too much of a hurry; perhaps he thought it more effective to make the old hag's deathbed the scene of a final and melodramatic attempt at murder. And so, for want of patience and consideration, the opportunities of good work are passed by, and the space filled with commonplace sensationalism.

We write thus seriously because Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe shows trace of a very high ability indeed. Almost without exception his men are well conceived and skilfully presented. The best of them is a squire of the old school, who apparently has lived up to the advice he bestows on another: "Ride straight, drive level, never repent of your sins, and die as I find you, a jolly good fellow." Indeed, the hero, the preacher, the inn-keeper, all the rogues and wastrels of the Yorkshire moor, are full of life—as wild, pagan, drinking, swearing, fighting crew as one could wish to see. If Mr. Sutcliffe would only forget all he has read in other novels and paint this life, as seen by his own eyes, he would make a book worth keeping.

THE NEW CHILD'S GUIDE TO LITERATURE.

THE monthly magazine edited by Mr. Arthur Pendenys, and called *The Books of To-day and the Books of To-morrow*, contains many good things. Here is a sample:

Q. What are Bacchy-lides?

A. Well, when you pronounce it like that, I should say a society of women who smoke. But you may as well ask me, What are Keats?

Q. Then what is *Bacchylides*?

A. Bacchylides was a Greek poet.

Q. When did he flourish?

A. In the fifth century B.C.

Q. Then why is there all this talk about him now?

A. Because his works have recently been discovered and published.

Q. Are the poems good reading?

A. Not unless you know Greek.

Q. And then?

A. Then they are not exciting.

Q. What are they about?

A. Among other things, the Isthmian Games.

Q. Will you repeat one? [*He repeats one.*]

A. Thank you, I prefer Barnum's Olympia.

Q. Who is Stephen Phillips?

A. Another poet.

Q. Is he Greek too?

A. No, he's English, but he has the Greek spirit.

Q. What rot! How old is he?

A. He is not yet thirty.

Q. Where does he live?

A. He lives at Ashford.

Q. But I thought the Poet Laureate lived there?

A. There are two Ashfords.

Q. I am glad of that: I was afraid he might be a Conservative journalist. Has he always been in the poetry business?

A. No, he was once an actor. He was considered to be one of the best Ghosts in the provinces.

Q. What are the titles of his poems?

A. One is "Christ in Hades," another "The Woman with the Dead Soul."

Q. How ripping! Is he a good poet?

A. It is not known; but he writes good poetry.

Q. Is it as good as *The Bab Ballads*?

A. Hush!

PATHOS AND THE PUBLIC.

A REFERENCE we saw the other day to the collection of "Most Pathetic Lines in Literature," made some years ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, led us to look up our back files of that paper; and we take leave to glean in that forsaken field. It was on January 15, 1894, that the following "Occasional Note" appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"We were talking at dinner, and some foolish fellow asked what was the most pathetic line or two lines in the poetry of all languages? Readers and correspondents, answer. We, as the bookmakers, will offer four against the field and stand our chance:

Insatiabiliter deflebimus, æternumque
Nulla dies nobis mœrorem e pectore demet.
LUCRETIUS.

Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.
VIRGIL.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.
SHAKESPEARE.

Ich werde Zeit genug an Euch zu denken haben.
GOETHE.

Beat these, any of you, if you can."

The readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* took up the challenge. Scores of "most pathetic lines in literature" poured into the editor's box, and were duly printed. As time went on, and as the great heart of the public became wrung, the space allotted to these chips of pathos grew, until it seemed as if the *Pall Mall Gazette* were about to dissolve in tears. But the editor at last cried "Enough!" and the rage for pathetic lines subsided. The lines remain, and we print below a selection:

Comfort? Comfort scorned of devils! This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
TENNYSON.

Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.
TENNYSON.

Lear. . . . . Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man I think this lady
To be my child, Cordelia.
Cordelia. And so I am, I am.
SHAKESPEARE.

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.
KEATS.

If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow.
BYRON.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.
MILTON.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.
BURNS.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain.
LONGFELLOW.

I am dying, Egypt, dying, only
I here importune death awhile until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.
SHAKESPEARE.

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.
TENNYSON.

For some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
CHARLES LAMB.

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
SHAKESPEARE.

Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—
Oh, Death in Life! the days that are no more.
TENNYSON.

When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.
(?)

But O the heavy changes, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
MILTON.

No more, no more, oh, never more on me
The freshness of the heart like dew shall fall!
BYRON.

O the insufferable eyes of these poor might-have-beens,
These fatuous, ineffectual yesterdays!
W. E. HENLEY.

The pale moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And time is setting with me, O!
Farewell, false friends; false lover, farewell!
I'll never mair trouble them nor thee, O!
BURNS.

The only loveless look, the look wherewith you passed:
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Gilt with sweet day's decline,
And sad with promise of a different sun.
COVENTRY PATMORE.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
GRAY.

Fear no more the heat of the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
SHAKESPEARE.

I was so young, I loved him so, I had
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell.
EDWARD BERDOE.

To sit in your straight-laced heaven
Where saints and angels sing,
And never hear a pheasant caw,
Nor the whirr of a partridge wing.
A LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER.

I do love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
SHAKESPEARE.

And to be wroth with what we love
Doth work like madness on the brain.
COLERIDGE.

It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy.
TOM HOOD.

We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
HOOD.

The heartless and intolerable
Indignity of "earth to earth."
COVENTRY PATMORE.

My long-lost beauty, hast thou folded quite
Thy wings of morning light?
O. W. HOLMES.

The moving finger writes: and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.
EDWARD FITZGERALD'S *Omar Khayyám*.

It is not in the shipwreck, or the strife,
We feel benumbed, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
Where all is lost except a little life.
BYRON.

She never told her love.
SHELLEY.

A wise man is as foolish as a child,
And wanton if a woman whispers "Wait!"
EDMUND GOSSE.

SOME APHORISMS.

IV.—"GUESSES AT TRUTH."

THE *Guesses at Truth* of the brothers Augustus and Julius Hare appeared anonymously in 1827. The work was written by the two brothers in conjunction at Oxford, but it had its special origin in the commonplace book of Augustus and in the enthusiasm of Julius. In 1838, after the death of Augustus, Julius Hare brought out a new and revised edition of the *Guesses*. "Many parts were re-written, much more added, essays of considerable length overshadowed the pithy, pregnant sentences which had before been its characteristic, and the share of the surviving brother in the work became by far the larger." A Second Series of the *Guesses* appeared in 1848. The present Eversley volume contains the two series. It is the eighth reprint issued by Messrs. Macmillan, who included it in their "Golden Treasury" series more than twenty-five years ago. The following sentences may be taken as typical of the work in its earliest form.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, and get both actively working together.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon.

The man who will share his wealth with a woman has some love for her; the man who can resolve to share his poverty with her has more . . . of course supposing him to be a man, not a child, or a beast.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing more than good qualities run wild.

Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things.

Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it. Its source is oftener mortified pride.

Be what you are. This is the first step toward becoming better than you are.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.

Many Italian girls are said to profane the black veil by taking it against their will; and so do many English girls profane the white one.

Our appetites are given to us to preserve and to propagate life. We abuse them for its destruction.

None but a fool is always right; and his right is the most unreasonable wrong.

When a man says he sees nothing in a book he very often means that he does not see himself in it; which, if it is not a comedy or a satire, is likely enough.

What a person praises is perhaps a surer standard, even than what he condemns, of his character, information, and abilities. No wonder, then, that in this prudent country most people are so shy of praising anything.

Mere art perverts taste; just as mere theology depraves religion.

The feeling is oftener the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

Temporary madness may perhaps be necessary in some cases to cleanse and renovate the mind; just as a fit of illness is to carry off the humours of the body.

Is not every true lover a martyr?

Contrast is a kind of relation.

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

Curiosity is little more than another name for hope.

After casting a glance at our own weaknesses, how eagerly does our vanity console itself with deploring the infirmities of our friends.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Kilmarnock "Burns," which was purchased by Mr. Sabin at Edinburgh last Monday for the price of 545 guineas, was not a commission, but a speculation on the part of the purchaser. The interest of the Edinburgh public in the sale was intense, and the room in which Mr. Dowell, the auctioneer (who is over eighty years of age), performed his duties, was packed to suffocation. The dealers, too, were there in force; for no such "Burns" has come into the market for years. Thirty guineas was the first bid, which the auctioneer ignored. Then fifty, then seventy-five, then a hundred! The bidding ran quickly up to 300 guineas. Only then did Mr. Sabin join in the contest. He had gone down to Edinburgh with the firm intention to bring the book back with him to London.

MR. RICHARDSON, a Glasgow bookseller, dropped out at the 300-guineas stage. He remarked patriotically afterwards that he wished he had run the volume up to 750 guineas. The battle was now between Mr. Pearson and Mr. Sabin, both of London. They raised their bids, by five pounds a bid, rapidly, until 500 guineas was reached. Loud cheers now broke out. Mr. Sabin wavered, and allowed himself a long and risky pause. But the cheering had heartened him, and he bid another five guineas. The bidding of the two dealers then became slow, and there were hesitations. The figure crept up to 540 guineas, bid by Mr. Pearson. Mr. Sabin said, "545." There was a long silence, and the hammer fell amid cheering such as, it is said, had never been heard in any auction room. Mr. Sabin still holds the book, and its destination is uncertain. He admitted it might go to America, though he did not desire it.

THE next day an old gentleman called on the auctioneer and inquired with suppressed excitement what would be the value of a copy of "Burns" printed in 1600.

WE quote from the *Daily News* the following sonnet by Canon Rawnsley, addressed to Mr. Ruskin in honour of his seventy-ninth birthday:

"Born in our monster Babylon, to decree
The blasting of all Babylons—and ordained
To be her avant-courier who has reigned
Longest and best—we give God thanks for thee.

Tho' conquering hosts encompass land and sea,
And men of arms her Empire have maintained,
Thou art her mightiest warrior, thou hast gained
By power of wisdom wider sovereignty.

Wherefore to thee, for whom this day has brought
The golden crown thy eightieth year shall wear,
We bring the tribute of our love and praise,
And borne from far-off centuries we hear
Proud acclamation of the seer who wrought
Undying splendour for Victorian days."

LONDONERS are very slow to avail themselves of that which they can have for nothing. When Mr. Birrell, Q.C., M.P., is announced to lecture at the Westminster Town Hall you can hardly get a seat for love or money. When, in his capacity of Quain Professor of Law at University College, he delivered his first discourse at the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, his audience, though there was nothing to pay, consisted of some thirty people, including several journalists, and half a dozen natives of India, wiser in their generation than their white-skinned fellow-subjects. It is true that "Copyright" is not at first sight a very attractive subject to the general public, in spite of the fact that every one now writes; but Mr. Birrell has the happy gift of making dull things interesting.

LAMARTINE, as a minister, took a very different view of copyright from that which he had expressed before his elevation to office. Upon which Mr. Birrell remarked: "When a literary statesman says that he is going to speak not as a writer, but as a politician, we know that it is a strange grace to an odd kind of meat—he is going to eat his own words." One of the reasons why the copyright question did not begin to "burn" until comparatively recently is that in olden days "the British author after his first publication usually disappeared — or only reappeared in the pillory." The terms of copyright vary remarkably in different countries. In Mexico, Guatemala, and Venezuela—"three not very literary States"—it is perpetual, while in the United States it lasts only twenty-eight years, though a further period of fourteen years can be granted if the author, his widow, or one of his children is alive at the expiration of the first term. These extracts will be sufficient to show the sort of fare to be expected by anyone who is in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn at half-past four on Mondays and Fridays.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON writes: "In your last week's 'Notes and News,' apropos of Mr. Clinton Scollard's graceful verses in *Scribner*, you quote—'The old poet's plea:

"'O for a book in a shadie nook!"'

The reference is, I presume, to the following, which I have seen in different places, but transcribe now from Alexander Ireland's *Book-Lover's Enchiridion*, 1885, p. 35:

'O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
or the Streete cryes all about.

Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
both of the Newe and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than Golde.'

Ireland entitles this 'Old English Song.' But I am under the impression that the late Mr. John Wilson, bookseller, of 12, King William-street, Charing Cross, told me, some time before his death in 1889, that he was the author of the lines, which he had inserted in one of his second-hand Catalogues, where, I fancy, I saw it. Mr. Wilson was a bookseller of that elder race who loved books almost too well to sell them. His knowledge, to which I have often been indebted, was exceptional; and he was, withal, a modest, kindly man. Perhaps some of your readers may have heard this story, and may be able to confirm my recollection."

IN commenting upon Mr. St. Loe Strachey's lecture on "Tennyson" at Toynbee Hall last week, Canon Barnett remarked on the field offered by the East End to the true poet. The East End, moreover, he said, wants poets and poetry. So, he added (we quote from the *Telegraph's* report): "Let the poets come among them and sing. Their hearts would break, of course, but true poets accept heartbreak as a part of the conditions of their mission."

MEANWHILE, an anonymous poet, who has some claim to be heard, has been at work in the East End to some purpose. His theme is the attempted rescue of a tiny child from burning, in a lamp accident at Mile-end, by Alfred Henry Wood, a little boy aged twelve, who, in his endeavours, was himself burnt to death. The poet, whose ballad is printed in the *Morning Leader*, begins:

"Yer tells us it's bloo blood as tells, and points
to milintary swells as types of British 'ardi'ood;
I ain't sergestin' that's no lie; but how're yer
going to classerfy such types as little Alfred Wood?"

And this is the conclusion:

"There's heroes in this week's *Gazette*, though
Alfred Wood ain't mentioned yet; but many
a 'art beats 'igh with pride
To be of that syme blood as 'e—bloo blood or
red blood it may be—wot dared the fierce
red death, and died.

There ain't no blyme to carst on them w'ich wears some sparklin' diadem by w'ich their noble breedin's showed;
But this I knows from wot I reads, if noble blood means noble deeds, yer'll find it off the Mile-end-rd.

West-end and Mile-end's just abart a hour's ride on a 'bus apart; and though, as Mr. Kiplin' said,
The 'East is East and West is West,' till somethe'n puts 'em to the test yer carn't tell w'ich is better bred."

The following reminiscence of Walt Whitman is offered by Joaquin Miller in one of the footnotes to the new complete edition of his poems, to which we make reference elsewhere. Joaquin Miller was visiting Longfellow at the time of Garfield's assassination. He writes: "A publisher solicited from each of the several authors then in and about Boston some tribute of sorrow for the dead. The generous sum of 100 dollars was checked as an earnest. I remember how John Boyle O'Reilly and I went to big-hearted Walt Whitman, and wrestled with him in a vain effort to make him earn and accept his 100 dollars. 'Yes, I'm sorry as the sorriest; sympathise with the great broken heart of the world over this dead sovereign citizen. But I've nothing to say.' And so, persuade as we might, even till past midnight, Walt Whitman would not touch the money or try to write a line. He was poor; but bear it for ever in testimony that he was honest, and would not promise to sell that which he felt that God had not at that moment given him to sell. And hereafter, whenever any of you are disposed to speak or even think unkindly of Walt Whitman, remember this refusal of his to touch a whole heap of money when he might have had it for ten lines, and, maybe, less than ten minutes' employment. I love him for it."

In another place, speaking of the different methods of authors, Joaquin Miller says of Bret Harte: "He once told me that his first line was always a cigar, and sometimes two cigars. I reckon Walt Whitman could write anywhere. I once was with him on top of a Fifth Avenue omnibus, above a sea of people, when he began writing on the edge of a newspaper, and he kept it up for half an hour, although his elbow was almost continuously tangled up with that of the driver."

The translation by Mr. J. G. Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*, with introduction and commentary, of Pausanias's *Description of Greece*, is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. on February 18. The introduction covers nearly a hundred pages, and the Commentary fills four ample volumes. Mr. Frazer has spent many years upon this great work, and that his Commentary has grown to such bulk will be evidence of the thoroughness with which he has accomplished his task. Account has been taken in the addenda, which are contained in the fifth volume, of the latest discoveries in Greece up to within the last few months. The illustrations, which are numerous—are not intended so much as works of art in themselves, but as elucidations of the text, being mainly confined to reproductions of monuments and objects actually described by Pausanias, or, in the too numerous cases where the originals have disappeared, of others which are thought to give some idea of their character.

Mr. Francis Gribble's new novel, *Sunlight and Limelight: a Story of the Stage Life and the Real Life*, will be published next week.

In an account of Mr. Gladstone which is published in the *Youths' Companion* we find him saying, apropos of international copyright: "What should it matter where a book is printed? A book is made in the head." But we cannot agree with the sentiment. It is important, for example, that such a novel as Miss Dickens's *Against the Tide* (Hutchinson & Co.), which is noticed in this week's "Fiction Guide," should have been printed in England and not in Holland. The purposes of copyright do not here enter into the case: loyalty to British printers, the best in the world, does.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's Library of Literary Histories is to begin with Mr. R. W. Frazer's *Literary History of India*, which is now ready. Few men are more steeped in Eastern lore than the author of *Silent Gods in Sunsteeped Lands* and the *History of British India*. When Mr. Frazer was a civil servant in India, his knowledge of Sanskrit enabled him to get "within the veil," behind which the natives, taught by long experience of subjection, live their real lives.

At the same time we are not greatly enamoured of the title which the publisher has found for the series. From a sort of advertisement of the library we gather, after some mock-heroics about "the trumpet-call of battle," the "panorama of kings and queens," "imperishable masterpieces," and so forth, that it is with "the literature of nations" that the series is intended to deal. Why don't they say so in the title? A "literary history" is not necessarily a history of literature; the late Mr. Froude might have used the adjective to distinguish his work from that of Mr. Freeman. Marcel Schwob, we presume, is writing the history of French literature—not really a literary history of France. But probably the ambiguity was ingeniously contrived to give occasion for the picturesque advertisement. Without it there would have been no excuse for talking of "the panorama of kings and queens" and for boasting that "the poets are the true masters of the earth."

Mr. Henley's contribution to the first number of *The Outlook* is by way of being a reply to the criticisms on his recent Essay on Burns which the Burns' Night brought forth. Some of them were sufficiently provocative of retort. Mr. Henley swiftly sums up these festivities: "Half-read M.P.'s and sheriffs, and divines and provosts flushed with literary patriotism, call on their countrymen to drink the Immortal Memory. And the Immortal Memory is drunk, and 'Tam o' Shanter' is recited, and there are potations pottle deep, and everybody goes home to bed convinced once more that Burns is the greatest poet in time."

But Burns is not the greatest poet in time: moreover, he is the "Poet of the Uncritical"—that is Mr. Henley's assertion; and if we would sift the mystery of these false eulogies to the bottom, we should find that Thomas Carlyle is the fount and origin of the evil. In his Edinburgh essay on Burns, Carlyle, "that rare and excellent hater of all things magnificated and insincere," who "couldn't drink, and therefore hated liquor," who "danced never to the tune of Light o' Love," proves himself practically the father of "all them that babble in Burns' Club." So Mr. Henley roundly affirms. We should like to hear Carlyle on the matter.

Punch's "Animal Land" continues to be very funny. Abandoning politicians, for the time being, at any rate, the witty zoologist who is responsible for the series comes this week to literature and art. We have the Zolafite, the Trimmadome or Willirich (Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A.), and the Ruddikipple, with appropriate cuts by the ingenious Mr. Reed. The Zolafite is thus described:

"This Animal is very bold and currageous. He is very clever at his work but he gets very broad in places. The lower down things are the harder he tries to get them out. The Troof is buried very deep just now and that is what he is looking for. So they are all dancing with rage and say he is a Itallian."

And this is the account of the Ruddikipple, whose name we need hardly translate:

"This little Animal is very strong and viggrous and knows everything. If anybody tries to beat it it brings out a fresh tail and then nobody can't touch that either. It stirs everbody up so it would make a pew-opener want to die for his country. If a Lorryit shews his nose it just squashes him flat."

Punch has rarely had a better idea, and it is being worked out admirably. Rumour has it that the new Buffon is Mr. Seaman.

Lord Tennyson is just now engaged upon writing new notes to certain of his father's poems, which will see the light in a forthcoming edition. *Maud* will be out of copyright next year; but by incorporating new matter of such interest as Lord Tennyson's notes are likely to be, the publishers will probably be able to retain a monopoly, even when cheap rival editions appear.

Canon Rawnsley is endeavouring to excite interest in the proposed Caedmon memorial at Whitby. A committee has been formed to erect a cross of Anglian design, hewn from Northumbrian sandstone, to the memory of the first English poet; and it will be placed in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Whitby, in what is probably part of the actual burial ground where the dust of Caedmon lies. He died in the year 680.

REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

No critic is able to pronounce an absolute and final judgment; he can only record his own impressions, and their value depends on the reasonableness and honesty with which they are set forth. I shall make no apology, therefore, for beginning this paper with a personal explanation that is as likely to raise doubts of the writer's competence as to inspire faith in his verdict. It is this: never do I remember to have read for pleasure a book on natural history. I have lived an out-door life, and loved it. The smallest living thing interests me, and clouds and sunsets, dim woodlands and high mountains, wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and hill, have for me an inexhaustible attraction. But even when boxed up in town I would never dream of reading natural history for amusement. It is not that it has been neglected, either. I have gone over nearly the whole *corpus* of works in natural history, but the books have been used exclusively to clear up doubtful points, to supplement an incomplete knowledge acquired from personal observation. To say that they have been almost invariably read through the index will plainly show the part they have played.

But, on the other hand, a poet's description of nature has always attracted me beyond measure if only it were of the very first quality. If it were not that, then it was as dull as natural history itself. I remember when a child someone gave me a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," and I detested it; but the same poet's "Castle of Indolence" was charming. Long before these lines were fully understood they had rooted themselves in my mind:

> "I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
> You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky
> Through which Aurora shows her brightening face."

This Aurora was not to my boyish mind a goddess or abstraction; she was a rich-eyed, red-lipped girl who "oft in visions of the night, and oft in fancy's airy dream," peeped through the panes of a little window when moonlight fell on it, and the slender sprays of a small red rose made a trembling shadow on the floor.

Gray's "Elegy," which it is the fashion to decry at present by readers "corrupted with literary prejudices," as Dr. Johnson has it, gives, in my opinion, as no other poem does, the very atmosphere, physical and intellectual, of the village. In town life the individual is lost in the crowd, but in the country the steady march of the generations is plainly visible: the child playing; manhood at toil; old age passing where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Gray's vein of thought is inevitable among those who "live the life" there, and it comes out in the best interpretations of the elegy—in Burns, for instance, and in that most touching of the essays of Jefferies, "My Old Village"; the sentiment of which is but an expansion and personal application of the verse:

> "Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
> Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke!
> How jocund did they drive their team a field!
> How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

No, it was Johnson's strength that he would not let himself be "corrupted with literary prejudices"; that he possessed natural manhood enough to recognise a fine rendering of the simple melancholy of the village graveyard. "Had Gray often written thus," he concludes, "it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him."

But, independent of "atmosphere," independent of feeling, a mere description, if it be done supremely well, abides in the memory. I remember reading for the first time these two lines in "Hamlet," which I have ever since regarded as a perfect model of their kind:

> "There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
> That shows his hoar-leaves in the glassy stream."

Simple, definite, concrete—that is the sort of description which appealed most directly to me. If there is vagueness, it must be to make room for romance. I could picture the willow scene on our own brook; but, to take another example of Shakespeare's inimitable power, the pleasure derived from the following lines is partly due to the large play which is given to the imagination of the reader:

> "On such a night
> Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
> Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love
> To come again to Carthage."

But one feels that in descanting upon Shakespeare's unsurpassable open-air pictures nothing can be said in praise that the reader will not think short of the truth. And the same might almost be asserted of Milton. Take the scenes in these familiar lines from "L'Allegro." They are beheld as from some watch-tower in the skies:

> "Russet lawns and fallows gray
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
> Mountains on whose barren breast
> The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
> Meadows trim with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks with rivers wide."

My purpose in dwelling upon such familiar examples is to establish the tradition and the taste with which those whose minds have been nourished on the best English literature approach a writer on country life. The first prose work exclusively devoted to it that came into my hands was *The Compleat Angler*, and it was accepted not as literature, but as a guide to fishing. I instinctively liked the book and with a boy's zeal carried it to the waterside and straightway began to put Piscator's instructions to a literal and practical test. He was not a brilliant success. An Irish vagabond named Donagan, who haunted the same stream, could give me much more useful advice than he. I discovered that the pleasure to be derived from Izaak Walton was exactly that which made certain lines of poetry linger in my ear and imprint themselves on my mind. He lives not as natural history but as literature; his place on the shelf is beside "The Elegy" and "The Castle of Indolence," not along with Macgillivray and Yarrell and Seebohm and Newton.

A second book that came into my possession was White's *Natural History of Selborne*; was this for reading or for consultation? After a while it was silently placed beside Yarrell. Often, indeed, was it taken down, for if one were in a difficulty—if one had seen a bird or beast and wished to know more about it—a more precise, clear and satisfactory authority did not exist. But for pleasurable continuous reading Gilbert White was too "dry"; he gave no picture, no atmosphere: he was matter-of-fact of the matter-of-fact eighteenth century. He does not belong at all to the same class as Walton.

During the present century there have been three writers whose treatment of nature has had for me a peculiar interest. The first and greatest of them was Lord Tennyson; the second, R. L. Stevenson; and the third, Richard Jefferies. Even yet the pitiful circumstances under which the last-mentioned died render it difficult to judge his work coldly and soberly. Besides, this is at least one case in which biography is necessary to criticism. Jefferies left behind him some eighteen volumes of prose, not counting those "prelusory gymnastics," *Jack Brass, The Scarlet Shawl, Restless Human Hearts*, and so forth, published before he fell under Mr. Greenwood's influence. Eighteen volumes in ten years, during several of which he was cramped by illness, are far too many. But the facts of his life more than excuse and explain this too diligent printing. Jefferies from birth was extremely poor, and with him poverty was real and grim, not a mere genteel hard-up-ness. Lord Tennyson at times felt the lack of money, and Stevenson spoke ominously of "Byles the Butcher"; neither of them, however, had the slightest experience of Want as it stared Jefferies in the face; neither of them was ever in the position where he must write or starve. Confronted with this horrid alternative, Jefferies wrote much that it is kindest to forget; a man working with a pistol at his head does not compose masterpieces; that he should be able to compose at all is a kind of miracle. The evils of poverty, again, were deepened by illness. He was not strong even as a child; he became a thin, weak-chested lad, and suffered intense pain during the last years of his life.

Want of money means a great deal more than being forced to do hack-work. It handicapped Jefferies from the start, as he got a very imperfect schooling. To understand it you must compare Somersby and Coate. Alfred Tennyson and Richard Jefferies drank in their impressions of nature much in the same way. Both were fond of rambling, and there was not so very much difference between the Downs of Lincolnshire and the Downs of Wiltshire. The rectory boy, however, had all the gear and tackle of education at his disposal the farm lad was left very much to his own devices, and at an age at which the other entered Cambridge he began to work as

a reporter. Still more striking is the contrast later on. Tennyson, after his juvenile failures, was welcomed by the critics and neglected by the public; but he had at college formed a little band of friends and admirers who gradually widened the circle. Jefferies was friendless; no literary acquaintance was made at Coate Farm. He was neglected till the very day of his death, though critics (to their credit, be it said) were not unjust or unkind, and he never had any chance of forming such a band of friends as had helped Lord Tennyson and were even then helping R. L. Stevenson. As to the general public itself, people sometimes talk as though it could not now be capable of "stoning its prophets" as it did in old time, but human nature is human nature still. The public is, and always has been, slow to recognise genuine literary merit, and when it feels its sin, and is contrite, it blunders still worse and hugs some Bottom the Weaver to its large bosom, fondly imagining that thus is the wrong of the centuries redressed.

The Story of My Heart is a pathetic book, because in it the author unconsciously reveals the train of evils which attend poverty. It deals with many of the questions raised by *In Memoriam*, that have been in the air during the last fifty years and more. But where Tennyson is a well-equipped philosopher Jefferies is but a splendid Pagan; he has not followed the progress of thought; he only puts a series of passionate questions to Nature such as might be asked by an intellectual but ill-equipped savage. Indeed, he might almost be a savage in his worship of "the sun burning in heaven," his faith in physical perfection, his belief that there is something greater even than God. His *cri du cœur* was uttered also by Stevenson in a famous essay, as it had been uttered in throes of shaking faith by Ruskin:

> "There is nothing human," Jefferies says, "in the whole round of nature. All nature, all the universe that we can see, is absolutely indifferent to us, and except to us human life is of no more value than grass. If the entire human race perished at this hour what difference would it make to the earth?"

If Jefferies had been able, like Tennyson with his dirges, to carry this little book about many years in his pocket, and think and reconsider the points, and discuss them with the ablest men of his day, it might have become a very remarkable contribution to literature. But when he wrote it the shadow of death was approaching. In those passages that are most steeped in natural magic we feel the presence of disease, even when it intensifies the sweetness and the beauty, as, for instance, in the following passage, somewhat damaged as it is by the lavish use of *f*'s:

> "Leaving the shore I walk among the trees; a cloud passes and the sweet short rain comes mingled with sunbeams and flower-scented air. The finches sing among the fresh green leaves of the beeches. Beautiful it is in summer days to see the wheat wave, and the long grass, foam-flecked of flower, yield and return to the wind. My soul of itself always desires; these are to it as fresh food."

The *Story of My Heart* is a failure in one way, but of the utmost value in another. Of his best work we are compelled to ask, Is it literature, or merely natural history? Does it range with Walton and the poets, or with Gilbert White and the zoologists? The first impression is that the *Gamekeeper at Home*, *Wild Life*, *The Amateur Poacher*, and many of the smaller essays, fall "betwixt and between"; too rambling and unmethodical for science, too literal and matter-of-fact for literature. Yet there will be found in them a growing wistfulness of wonder, a melancholy grace, a deeper meaning, that invite the reader's return. They are saved by their style, and on the way to become classics. Those three, at least, are literature.

But there is no author who stands more in need of editing than Jefferies. He, unfortunately, scattered his books up and down among several publishers. Otherwise it would easily be possible to form out of them a single volume that would stand first of its kind, for in the essay, be it remembered, his skill touched its zenith. In these busy days, however, it is too much to expect that people will wade through a great many volumes for one paper here and another there.

I have not deemed it necessary to say anything about his novels. In one of his recently published letters Lord Tennyson declared that he was no bibliophil; he had not even read all Spenser; he contented himself with the consummate flower of an author's best work. With that most agree. It is good to cull the best he has to offer, but to go grubbing through the failures and half-successes of a writer is abhorrent. After making one determined attempt to read the novels of Richard Jefferies I gave them up in despair. An exception should be made, however, in favour of his stories for children, *Wood Magic* and *Bevis*; pleasanter and healthier books for boys cannot be desired by those who love to see children forming a sound taste at the outset. P.

TOLSTOI AND MAUPASSANT.

It is easy to see that Tolstoi's remarkable article on Guy de Maupassant, translated in *Chapman's Magazine*, has little to do with literary criticism. It is an exposition not so much of Maupassant's qualities as of the great Russian's attitude towards life and morals. Tolstoi's judgment on Maupassant is that, with all his defects, he was a great writer, that he had a piercing vision of the contradictions and the tragedy of human passions, that his talent was injured by the low moral standards of his Parisian circle, from which he was emancipating himself when madness and death ended his career. Had the emancipation been achieved, whither would Maupassant have been led? He was beginning to weary of those artistic variations of debauchery to which, at the bidding of Paris, he had dedicated many of his stories. *Sur L'Eau*, which Tolstoi calls the best of his books, breathes the passion for solitude, a dangerous symptom, for solitude, if it is to bring peace, must be loved not with passion, but with serenity. Maupassant was no contented chronicler of lubricity like Catulle Mendès; he had fitful glimpses of an ideal humanity purged from grossness, selfishness, and perfidy. Tolstoi sees this in *Le Horla*, that appalling fantasy of an ulterior stage of our physical evolution. To most of us this story is interesting simply as a delirium of imagination. To Tolstoi, the idea of a being who is an active intelligence without a carnal envelope is a symbol of Christian perfection. In the best of Maupassant's short stories he sees nothing but this half-conscious revolt against the carnal. They deal with

> "all the phases of woman and of her love; and there has hardly ever been a writer who has shown with such clearness and precision all the awful aspects of that very thing which seemed to him to afford the supreme welfare of existence."

This is really what endears Maupassant to Tolstoi, this presentment of the "awful aspects" of woman. The early Fathers regarded her as the chief instrument of evil, and Tolstoi, who is the reincarnation of a Christian Father, hails Maupassant as a disciple struggling towards the light, and savagely attacks Renan for having darkened the good counsel with the exasperating urbanity of paganism. It is queer to find the author of *Bel Ami* tenderly criticised as a possible champion of Christian ethics, while the author of *Marcus Aurelius* is held up to scorn and loathing, as if his vindication of woman's beauty as "one aspect of the divine plan" were an atrocity to be expected from the man who wrote *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*. For every writer there is, in Tolstoi's mind, but one test: is he for or against the ascetic ideal? Renan had left the Church; he was not indifferent to cookery; his lectures at the Sorbonne drew the most ravishing toilettes in Paris, though, as Mme. Darmesteter has told us, he put them to flight on one occasion by proposing that the audience should join him in reading Hebrew in the original. It is natural that Tolstoi should judge that unlucky drama about the imprisoned abbess and her lover as if it represented the whole spirit of Renan's teaching. It is equally natural that he should argue as if long and desperate contemplations of woman in her "awful aspects" drove Maupassant to suicide because he was not sufficiently enlightened to seek refuge in Tolstoi's ideal of ascetic Christianity. This is the bond of sympathy between the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata* and the greatest master of the short story. I daresay Tolstoi has sometimes reflected that if he had lived in Paris, like Turgéneff, when Maupassant's brief career was beginning, he would have reclaimed this pupil of Flaubert, and made him an apostle of those doctrines which, were they capable of practical application, would moralise the human race off the face of the earth.

Thus it is that Tolstoi's judgment in this article is somewhat too rarefied for poor average mortals. We cannot all be hermits, who write down marriage, and mortify the affections (in old age) for the sake of some amiable hypothesis that Nature, if we only scold her enough, will turn ascetic too, and

grow babies on the gooseberry bush! If Turgéneff, who foresaw, even in *Anna Karenina*, the unfortunate twist in Tolstoi's intellect, can read the article on Maupassant in the shades, he must smile at some of the illustrations of Tolstoi's point—that no artist can divorce himself from the moral relation of his work. A painter exhibited a marvellous picture of a religious procession. Tolstoi was distressed because he could not tell from the picture whether the artist believed in religious processions or not. He put the question, and was told, probably with some irony, that the painter had no views on the subject. So Tolstoi describes him as one who "represented life without understanding its meaning." It would be as reasonable to say that an artist who paints a portrait without believing in the moral character of the sitter cannot seize the significance of the human countenance. This is like Mr. Ruskin's theory that no agnostic can paint a landscape. Such confusion of thought generates an intolerance more irrational than that of any advocate of "art for art's sake." After all, that formula answers itself, because it is impossible for any truthful art in literature to be disengaged from a moral standpoint. The unflinching blackguardism of Duroy in *Bel Ami*, as Tolstoi admits, is the most convincing moral. But when your moralist insists that a religious procession shall be painted only by a man who yearns to carry a banner, and that a story of depravity is best told by a novelist who perceives that the "awful aspects" of woman demand the crucifixion of our fundamental instincts, the plea of art for morality's sake becomes an excuse for eccentric fanaticism.

But no student of Maupassant's writings can fail to see that, despite any excess of moral prepossession, Tolstoi has the keenest appreciation of the art of this great story-teller, and of his insight into the depth and variety of life. Such an appreciation ought to abash those critics who have lightly dismissed him as a mere *raconteur*, a contriver of droll anecdotes. There are anecdotes, no doubt; we can all regale one another with "Le Signe" and "Les Epingles"; but readers who recall only these things do not know their Maupassant. In his twenty volumes live such stores of penetrating irony, pathos and tragedy, that for some years now I have rarely heard of a sombre truth rising abruptly from the deeps that has not reminded me of a story from the hand which wrote *Une Vie*. And what a style! In *Une Vie*, says Tolstoi, it is "wrought to such perfection that it surpasses, in my opinion, the performance of any French writer of prose." I read every day grave discussions of that anæmic product called the English short story, made without blood or bones, a pulpy mass of commonplace streaked with humour (save the mark!) or sickly sentiment. You would not expect a critic of European fame to say of such fiction that it surpassed the performance of any writer of English prose. Doubtless, in our tales, the public has the style it deserves—the dear public, which, in exalted moments, may imagine that the prose of Mr. Kipling is an imperishable tradition of literature!

L. F. Austin.

JOAQUIN MILLER, BROWNING, AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Nearly thirty years ago London literary society was amused by the apparition of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. In sombrero and serape, with unshorn locks, and riding boots reaching to his waist, this child of the West cut a sufficiently picturesque figure among our own decorous "biled shirt" bards. He came, he saw, and in the main he conquered. He had detractors, it is true, but the late Lord Houghton stood his friend, and not a few persons bought his poems, and many young men quoted them and dreamed of emigration; and then the Buffalo Bill of poesy vanished as suddenly as he had come, and until the other day he was but a name. A few weeks ago, however, the news reached this country that Joaquin Miller, who has been describing the scenes at Klondyke for a New York paper, was severely frostbitten, having been caught in a blizzard, and is now cooped up in the cabin of a little ice-bound steamer on the Yukon river waiting for the liberation which the warm weather will bring somewhen about July. Almost simultaneously Messrs. Whitaker & Ray, of San Francisco, have forwarded to us the complete edition of his poems, which they have just prepared—a considerable volume of upwards of three hundred double-column pages.

In the notes to this book he partially tells again the story of his English visit in 1870-71, much of which—his pilgrimage to Newstead Abbey, his conversation with Rossetti, and so on—has been already related in his book *Memorie and Rime*. His new reminiscences are well worth reading. Thus:

"I had taken rooms at Museum-street, a few doors from the greatest storehouse of art and history on the globe, and I literally lived in the British Museum every day. But I had already overtaxed my strength, and my eyes were paining terribly. Never robust, I had always abhorred meat; and milk, from a child, had been my strongest drink. In the chill damp of England you must eat and drink. I was, without knowing it, starving and working myself to death. Always and wherever you are, when a bit of hard work is done, rest and refresh. Go to the fields, woods, to God, and get strong. This is your duty as well as your right.

Letters—sweet, brave, good letters from the learned and great—were so many I could not read them with my poor eyes and had to leave them to friends. They found two from the Archbishop of Dublin. I was to breakfast with him to meet Browning, Dean Stanley, Houghton, and so on. I went to an old Jew close by to hire a dress suit, as Franklin had done for the Court of St. James. While fitting on the clothes I told him I was in haste to go to a great breakfast. He stopped, looked at me, looked me all over, then told me I must not wear that, but he would hire me a suit of velvet. By degrees, as he fixed me up, he got at, or guessed at, some facts, and when I asked to pay him he shook his head. I put some money down and he pushed it back. He said he had a son, his only family now, at Oxford, and he kept on fixing me up: cane, great tall silk hat, gloves and all. Who would have guessed the heart to be found there?

Browning was just back from Italy, sunburnt and raddy. 'Robert,' you are browning,' smiled Lady Augusta. 'And you are August-a,' bowed the great poet grandly; and, by what coincidence—he, too, was in brown velvet, and so like my own that I was a bit uneasy.

Two of the Archbishop's beautiful daughters had been riding in the Park with the Earl of Aberdeen. 'And did you gallop?' asked Browning of the younger beauty. 'I galloped, Joyce galloped, we galloped all three.' Then we all laughed at the happy and hearty retort, and Browning, beating the time and clang of galloping horses' feet on the table with his fingers, repeated the exact measure in Latin from Virgil; and the Archbishop laughingly took it up, in Latin, where he left off. I then told Browning I had an order—it was my first—for a poem from the *Oxford Magazine*, and would like to borrow the measure and spirit of his 'Good News,' for a prairie fire on the plains, driving buffalo and all other life before it into a river. 'Why not borow from Virgil, as I did? He is as rich as one of your gold mines, while I am but a poor scribe.' And this was my first of inner London.

Fast on top of this came breakfasts with Lord Houghton, lunch with Browning, a dinner with Rossetti to meet the great painters; the good old Jew garmenting me always, and always pushing back the pay."

Joaquin Miller's English book, *Songs of the Sierras*, was only moderately popular. Its "literary" quality was disappointing: readers wanted an entirely new note, whereas instead the child of the untrammelled West was found to have read his Byron to some purpose. He did not utter the spontaneous and barbaric yawp that was wished. He was also too fluent, too careless of form. His lines tumbled out, as a waterfall tumbles over a rock. The rush was fine, but individual beauties were lacking. There was no nicety of epithet. People prized the poet for his glow, his generous creed, his simplicity; but few readers turned to the book again, and that is, perhaps, the best proof of a poet's failure. Yet there are haunting passages even in these loose *Songs*, which are not songs at all. Thus, in "Arizonian":

"So I have said, and I say it over,
And can prove it over and over again,
That the four-footed beasts in the red-crown'd clover,
The piéd and hornéd beasts on the plain
That lie down, rise up, and repose again,
And do never take care or toil or spin,
Nor buy, nor build, nor gather in gold,
As the days go out and the tides come in,
Are better than we by a thousand-fold;
For what is it all, in the words of fire,
But a vexing of soul and a vain desire?"

And the beginning of the lawless ballad, "With Walker in Nicaragua," is memorable:

"He was a brick: let this be said
Above my brave dishonour'd dead.
I ask no more, this is not much,
Yet I disdain a colder touch
To memory as dear as his;
For he was true as God's north star,
And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss.

But Ouida-esque enthusiasm is not poetry, nor is poetry, as Joaquin Miller affirms in his new volume, adequately described by the one word, "heart."

Here is another extract from the new reminiscences:

"Born to the saddle, and bred by a chain of events to ride with the wind until I met the stolid riders of England, I can now see how it was that Anthony Trollope, Lord Houghton, and others of the saddle and 'meet' gave me ready place in their midst. Not that the English were less daring; but they were less fortunate—may I say less experienced? I recall the fact that I once found Lord Houghton's brother, Lord Crewe, and his son also, under the hands of the surgeon in New York—one with a broken thigh, and the other with a few broken ribs. But in all our hard riding I never had a scratch.

One morning Trollope hinted that my immunity was due to my big Spanish saddle, which I had brought from Mexico City. I threw my saddle on the grass and rode without so much as a blanket. And I rode neck to neck; and then left them all behind and nearly everyone unhorsed.

Prince Napoleon was of the party that morning; and as the gentlemen pulled themselves together on the return he kept by my side, and finally proposed a tour through Notts and Sherwood Forest on horseback. And so it fell out that we rode together much.

But he had already been persistently trained in the slow military methods, and it was in vain that I tried to teach him to cling to his horse and climb into the saddle as he ran, after the fashion of Indians and vaqueros. He admired it greatly, but seemed to think it unbecoming a soldier.

It was at the Literary Fund dinner, where Stanley and Prince Napoleon stood together when they made their speeches, that I saw this brave and brilliant young man for the last time. He was about to set out for Africa with the English troops to take part in the Zulu war.

He seemed very serious. When about to separate he took my hand, and, looking me all the time in the face, placed a large diamond on my finger, saying something about its being from the land to which he was going. I refused to take it, for I had heard that the Emperor died poor. But as he begged me to keep it, at least till he should come back, it has hardly left my hand since he placed it there.

Piteous that this heir to the throne of France should die alone in the yellow grass at the hand of savages in that same land where the great Emperor had said: 'Soldiers, from yonder pyramids twenty centuries behold your deeds.'"

Joaquin Miller's visit ended suddenly. A return of blindness and general sickness disabled him; and the news of the illness of his sister recalled the wanderer home. Since then he has played many parts and published several books.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A TAX ON PUBLISHERS.

A Talk with Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Edward Marston's letter in Tuesday's *Times* on the tax imposed on publishers by the copyright regulation, which compels them to supply five copies of every book to the national libraries, was a clear statement of an undoubted grievance.

Mr. Marston began by presenting a few figures without, at first, disclosing his object. He wrote:

"I have made a few rough calculations which may not be uninteresting to many of your readers. From these calculations I think I shall not be very far out in assuming that the number of titles of new books recorded in these eight years will not be less than 50,000, exclusive of American books. By counting the titles recorded on several pages and adding up the prices of the books so counted I am brought to the conclusion that the average published price of these 50,000 books is at least 5s. a copy. By multiplying these 50,000 books by five I arrive at the number of volumes which British publishers have presented to the British Museum and the four other public libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin during the eight years referred to—viz., 250,000 volumes, which, if taken at the average of 5s. per volume, amounts to the prodigious sum of £62,500. If I go back, as the previous volumes of *The English Catalogue* enable me to do, I estimate—roughly, of course—that, taking the whole period of Her Majesty's reign, say sixty years, the number of books (including the above estimate for Volume V.) may be taken as 300,000, five copies of each of which have been presented by British publishers to the British nation—say, 1,500,000 works, which, taken at 5s. a volume, amount to £375,000. Three hundred thousand volumes to each library!"

"Now"—says Mr. Marston, whose whole letter is an interesting contribution to the discussion of the rumoured new Copyright Act—

"how is it and why is it that publishers alone should be subjected to such an enormous tax as this? What do they get in exchange for it? No other profession or trade, so far as I know, is so taxed, and publishers are not, by reason of it, relieved from any other tax which the 'body politic' has to pay. It may be said that it is a tax of venerable antiquity and that publishers go into business knowing that this liability hangs over them; it is the law, and they submit."

Unable to solve Mr. Marston's questions, an Academy representative went to seek further information where it was likely to be forthcoming. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has before now expressed his views strongly on the same question, and to him the representative appealed.

"I have been out of town and therefore have not seen Mr. Marston's letter," said Mr. Unwin, "but I'll send for it now. My own view is a very simple one. Why should publishers be taxed more than other classes? They contribute by their calling to the enlightenment of the country, so that if their case is to be exceptional I think it would be more reasonable to subsidise than to tax them."

"Do you look upon the five-copies clause in the Copyright Act as involving a serious strain on a publisher's treasury?"

"Certainly, and especially in the case of expensive illustrated books. I recently published a costly volume of drawings by Charles Keene. Well, five copies of such a volume—the whole edition being a matter only of a few hundreds—are a serious drain. Then, again, the British Museum demands a copy of every new edition of a book which has already been sent to it—however trivial the alteration in the text may be. Even books imported from America—if they are issued with an English publisher's imprint—must be sent to the Museum. Reprints of non-copyright works must also be sent; every new edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*, for instance. I suppose I send five hundred books a year myself to the five libraries which benefit under the Act. So you see the Act is fully enforced. What I complain of is, that we get no return for our books."

"What return would you suggest?"

"Well; I think the act of delivering five free copies of a book to the State should of itself give us copyright. The receipt for the book should be a certificate of copyright."

"In lieu of the fee and formalities at Stationers' Hall."

"Yes. And, another thing: the State might do what Stationers' Hall fails to do—it might register titles for us, and so save us the continual inconvenience of duplicating each other's titles through ignorance. Surely this would be little enough to ask in return for many tons of books per annum. Understand me, I don't object to give one copy of a book to the State; but five copies are too many. In America two copies only are required. But at this moment a number of the separate States are applying to have compulsory copies of books supplied to their libraries. So that American publishers may be in evil case soon. And, after all, if five copies, why not fifty? That would be only logical. The illogical thing now is, that we give something—in fact, a great deal—for nothing."

COLUMBUS SIENKIEWICZ.

We showed last week that the Polish novel, *Quo Vadis*, translated by Jeremiah Curtin, is still the favourite work of fiction all over America.

"Let Peary seek his Arctic goal;
His countrymen prefer a Pole
Less brumal and uncertain;
And Roe and Howells the prolix
Must bow to Henry Sienkiewicz,
Democratised by Curtin.

Of all that Sienkiewicz has writ
Quo Vadis is the favourite
From ocean unto ocean;
And Trilby's antics, once the rage,
Are tame beside this crowded page
Of Christian emotion.

In Michigan they will not look
At aught but Sienkiewicz's book,
Nor gentlemen, nor ladies.
In Illinois and Maryland
No reader will extend a hand
Except to reach *Quo Vadis*.

Ohio, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana,
Wisconsin, Texas, Washington,
North Carolina, Oregon,
Virginia, Montana,

And Delaware and Idaho,
Columbia, New Mexico,
Nebraska, Maine, Missouri,
Rhode Island, California,
Connecticut and Florida
All share the Polish fury."

THE WEEK.

THE week's output of books presents few marked characteristics. History and travel rather predominate in a short list. A military text-book, a book on the Round Towers of Ireland, a book on Women's Education, and a railway history; these make somewhat cold fare. A new edition of Chaucer and a new translation of Dante give literary relief, and a book of adventurous travel brightens all.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS has just issued a new rendering of the *Inferno* of Dante, by Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton. The novel feature of Mr. Lee-Hamilton's rendering is his retention of the feminine syllable at the end of each line. "The rhyme," says the translator,

"is comparatively unimportant. Its maintenance precludes the English translation from keeping the feminine syllable, and forces him to depart from closeness of meaning and literal expression."

Abandoning the rhyme, and employing the feminine ending, Mr. Lee-Hamilton begins thus (we quote his lines here purely to show their form):

"Midway upon the footpath of our lifetime
I found myself within a dusky forest,
For the straightforward way had been lost sight of.
Ah me, how hard the task is to describe it,
That forest, wild and briary and mighty,
Which in mere thought, reneweth all the terror!"

ALL students of Chaucer will be glad that the *Globe* edition of his works is at last published. Mr. Alfred W. Pollard, who has edited the text with the assistance of several scholars with whom he shares the title-page, relates the somewhat chequered career of the undertaking. Messrs. Macmillan, it seems, have contemplated this edition since 1864, and Mr. Pollard's own labours began ten years ago. Probably only the most enthusiastic Chaucerians will echo Mr. Pollard's wish that in "the near future the student may have not merely two texts from which to choose, but half a dozen."

MR. HARRY DE WINDT'S new book of travel, *Through the Gold-fields of Alaska to Bering Straits*, has only to be opened to excite interest and curiosity; the photographic illustrations being numerous and striking. Mr. De Windt made his Alaskan journey in company with his servant, George Harding, and they were piloted over the Chilkoot Pass by one Joe Cooper, an old-timer, who was returning to the Yukon gold-fields. Mr. De Windt says:

"Had my original scheme succeeded, this work would have borne the alluring title of "New York to Paris by Land": a journey which, so far as I know, has never yet been accomplished, though I do not, for one moment, suggest that it never will be. My cloud, however, has its silver lining, seeing that the first part of our voyage lay through a region then known by name to perhaps a dozen white men, but now a byword throughout the civilised world: Klondike. I may add that Harding and I were the first Europeans to reside for any length of time alone and unprotected among the Tchuktchis of Siberia. But for these facts this book might well have been entitled, 'The Record of a Failure!'"

A GOOD many recent books have been inspired, more or less directly, by the Victorian Era Exhibition held at Earl's Court last year. Such a book is *Progress in Women's Education*, a volume composed of papers read at the Saturday Conferences of the "Women's Work Section." The Countess of Warwick edits the volume, and in her preface writes as follows:

"Victor Hugo was right when he described the nineteenth century as the 'woman's century.' The advance has been so marked that it has been felt in every department of human effort, but more especially in the realm of Education.

John Knox taught the Scotch people, three hundred years ago, that every scholar made is an addition to the wealth of the community—doubtless he meant 'wealth' in its wider and nobler sense—but it has been reserved for the present age to interpret this truth in its relation to women as well as to men.

We have only now 'to take occasion by the hand, and make the bounds of freedom wider yet.'"

PRINCE KRAFT ZU HOHENLOHE-INGELFINGEN'S *Letters on Strategy* is, we think, the third volume that has been issued in the "Wolseley Series," though it is numbered as the second. The *Letters* form two bulky volumes, and a brief Introduction by the editor, Capt. Walter H. James, introduces us to the author, who is now deceased. Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen was an able soldier, and in the wars of 1866 and 1870 commanded the German Artillery of the Guard. He also directed the artillery operations against Paris. Captain James says that these letters

"are not to be taken up lightly, or to be dipped in here and there, but conscientiously studied they form a valuable means of instruction in strategetical matters, and for this reason they are placed before the British military reader."

Military, also, is Mr. T. Rice Holmes's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, of which a fifth and carefully revised edition is issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The author says:

"Among the more important alterations and additions are those which relate to the Afghan War, the battle of Sacheta and the events which led up to it, the battle of Chinhat, the defence of the Lucknow Residency, Havelock's campaign, Lord Canning's Oudh proclamation, and the vexed question of Sir Colin Campbell's responsibility for the protraction of the war."

HENRY O'BRIEN'S standard work on the *Round Towers of Ireland* is revived in a new edition, of only 750 copies, which Messrs. W. Thacker & Co. have issued. O'Brien's career (he was born 1808) and the merits of his theory that the round towers of Ireland have a Persian origin, are examined in a lengthy introduction signed "W. H. C." The work itself begins on the ninety-seventh page.

MR. CHARLES H. GRINLING has written a *History of the Great Northern Railway* in a large octavo volume of over 400 pages. In his preface Mr. Grinling says:

"I am not afraid to claim that the book forms a fifty years' record of the fortunes of all the great trunk systems connecting London and the North."

Concerning his authorities Mr. Grinling says:

"Without seeking access to the private archives of the Great Northern Company, and so placing myself under obligations which could have been met only by a sacrifice of partiality, I have, nevertheless, been able to obtain information of the most intimate and authentic character with respect to all the chief events with which my History deals."

THE purpose of Mr. John Earle's *Simple Grammar of English Now in Use*, a work which is likely to be serviceable to young, and, for that matter, seasoned writers, is thus explained by the author:

"This is a book not of Philology, but of Grammar. In other words, it treats language not in its physical aspect, as sound or syllable, but in its mental aspect, as discourse of thought. The aim is not scientific, but educational; not the mechanism of the mother tongue, but its mental action in practical use. The leading of Nature teaches us that grammatical study should begin at the point where the use of speech is consciously apprehended by the young. That is to say, it should begin with language not as a fabric, but as the representation of thought."

A feature of this grammar is its numerous illustrative quotations from modern authors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON JANE AUSTEN.

SIR,—Would you allow me to point out that Mr. Austin Dobson, in the note on Scott's review of Miss Austen's *Emma* which you quoted (ACADEMY, Feb. 5, 1898) from his introduction to *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, has not yet explained the matter quite completely. He writes that the fact of Scott's authorship, announced by himself on the authority of Mr. Murray in the introduction to *Mansfield Park*, "was all the while lying perdu in a note to chap. lv. of *Lockhart's Life of Scott*." But the fact has *twice* appeared in print during the last ten years.

(1) Though Prof. Goldwin Smith ("Great Writers"), as Mr. Dobson shows by his quotation from p. 35, did not know it, the information is given *in his own volume*, published in 1890—see Mr. John P. Anderson's "Bibliography," p. iv.—an inconsistency I find noted by a pencil reference in my copy.

(2) The article is described, at some length, as Scott's, and quoted (though by a printer's error dated 1818) in the preface to my edition of *Sense and Sensibility* (J. M. Dent & Co., 1892), where it is compared with the familiar entries in Scott's Journal.—I am, sir, &c., R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

"FOUNDER."

Sir,—As you have "crowned" Mr. Henley's essay on Burns, I suppose it is fair to conclude that you consider it good English. May I ask, then, for information about the word italicised in this sentence: "The poet who *foundered* two pocket-copies of that very silly and disgusting book, *The Man of Feeling*"? (p. 275). I may add that I have looked in Skeat's big Dictionary and the new revised largest Webster without finding any meaning which does at all.

In Stevenson ("Men and Books"), *Some Aspects of Robert Burns*, p. 52, I find: "He carried a book in his pocket . . . and *wore out* in this service two copies of *The Man of Feeling*"; so that I conclude "wore out" to be the general sense. As a student of English I am much interested in new and old usages of words; and so hope that you may be able to satisfy me as to "founder."

I may add that the correspondencies between Mr. Henley and his predecessor in their essays on Burns are such as to demand, perhaps, a larger acknowledgment of the work of Stevenson than the "crowned" essay contains.—Yours, &c.,

Vernon Rendall.

Norwood: Feb. 10.

D'ANNUNZIO IN ENGLISH.

Sir,—As a reader of Gabriele D'Annunzio before his name was known on this side the Channel, I would fain point out that, excellent as is Ouida's version of the passage quoted by your reviewer in his criticism of the English translation of *Il Trionfo della Morte*, she omits one or two little touches that seem to me important. I submit the following rendering:

"Orvieto! Have you never been there! Imagine a melancholy valley. In its midst rises a volcanic rock, crowned by a city silent as death, with closed windows and narrow, dusky streets where the grass flourishes. A monk crosses the square. Before the hospital is drawn up a funeral-looking carriage, from which a decrepid servant assists a bishop to alight. A tower soars into the wet, cloudy sky; a clock slowly strikes the hour, when suddenly at the bottom of a street behold a marvel—the Duomo!"

But D'Annunzio is quite untranslatable. Those who have only read him in French cannot form an adequate idea of his subtle charm, while his genius is so utterly opposed to our habits of thought as to make him appear repulsive even in a Bowdlerised English edition. To thoroughly enjoy D'Annunzio you must not only read him in Italian, but you must think in Italian, and, for the time, try to forget you are the native of a foggy island. Those who can thus assimilate a little of the Latin spirit are the only Englishmen who can properly appreciate such works as *Il Trionfo della Morte*.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

F. H. Picton.

Exmouth: Feb. 4.

MARS IN FICTION.

Sir,—After reading Mr. Wells's *War of the Worlds*, and being almost persuaded that the invasion of the earth by Martians is an event which future generations will have to consider seriously, I am reminded that the history of Mars can furnish a striking instance of the fulfilment of fiction. When describing the works of the astronomers on the island of Laputa, in *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift makes Gulliver say:

"They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve round Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of its diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the later in twenty-one and a half."

The satellites are two of the minutest objects in the solar system and were only discovered in 1877—that is, a century and a half after they were described by Gulliver. And not only was Mars given the number of satellites it is now known to possess, but by making one of them revolve round the planet in less time than the planet takes to rotate on its axis, Swift imagined a condition of things which would even now be considered impossible if it were not established by the evidence of our eyes. Observations show that the innermost moon of Mars actually does revolve round the planet three times in the course of a Martian day, its period of revolution being only 7 hours 39 minutes, whereas the planet rotates in 24 hours 37 minutes.

With this remarkable coincidence in mind, one hesitates to say that Mr. Wells's romance is beyond the limits of possibility.—I am, yours, &c.,

R. A. Gregory.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

Sir,—It is no pleasure to me to dwell on the more painful aspects of Fergusson's career; and if Dr. Grosart will look over the review of his book again he will find that it conveys no moral censure whatsoever. My point of view is simply that the admiration which depends on swathing a figure in moral linen is no compliment to its object.

With your permission I will cite the passage which seems to have excited Dr. Grosart's indignation:

"Stevenson in his *Edinburgh* has frankly stated the truth: 'Love was absent from his life, or only present, if you prefer, in such a form that even the least serious of Burns' amourettes was ennobling by comparison.' We have no desire to enlarge upon the point. It was a cold caught while (after he had dosed himself with 'a searching medicine') he was electioneering that brought on Fergusson's madness and death—a death not altogether unlike that of Burns himself."

Now first take his comment on the quotation from Stevenson:

"To allege that 'love' was absent from the life of one who was so lovable and full of love, tenderness, and sweetness by universal testimony is no less stupid than false."

Without such plain proof it would be impossible to believe that Stevenson's words could be so violently wrested from their meaning. What can one do but ask Dr. Grosart to read the passage again?

Next, he entirely omits to mention "the searching medicine" either in his letter or his book; yet he cannot help knowing exactly what it refers to. "A medicine remarkable for its searching effects upon the system," are the words of Chambers. Others say quicksilver right out, and make no secret of the object for which it was taken. Why, after replying to a dozen trivial slanders, does he slur over the accusation implied here?

What Stevenson meant by "vicious" is, plainly enough, illicit sexual intercourse. In dealing with this in the book Dr. Grosart quotes Sommers, a friend of the poet's, who naturally made out the best possible case for him. Yet the sum and substance of what Dr. Grosart quotes from Sommers is that the latter spent many innocent hours with the poet, and that his companions "were, indeed, of a social cast, but not of that debauched turn which the word dissolute bears." All this might be true without falsifying the adjective used by Stevenson, who had every opportunity of learning, not the stories of early biographers only, but the traditions still, during his youth, current in Edinburgh. In the early eighties I had myself frequent opportunities of learning what these were; and till Dr. Grosart discovered a lily-like purity in Fergusson I never heard the assertion disputed.

At the same time, no one greatly blamed the poet either. He was gifted with a lively spirit, and he lived in a time when people were not so strict about morals. It would have been a miracle had he been a Galahad.

As to Stevenson applying the term "vicious" to himself, I honour him for it, just as I honour St. Paul for calling himself "the chief of sinners"; but it would be an ill-return of his noble and humble candour to accept the statement in the spirit of a grubbing literalist, and proceed to ask when and how he fell: whether in the mind only, and as a consequence of original sin, or in act. No; let us be content to honour him for being so frankly unpharisaical, and let the rest be. If Fergusson had only left behind a similar declaration!

The Reviewer.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Triumph of Death." By D'Annunzio.

The critics have expended all their powers of insight and of judgment on this remarkable novel. Three points (for convenience we condense four into three) have engaged their attention. These are:

The Translation.
The Story.
D'Annunzio's Art and Morality.

The translation has been taken on trust by a good many critics. The *Daily Chronicle* writes of "the apparently quite competent version before us." The *Daily News* says the translation has been done with "skill and fluency," but "it fails, as all translations must fail, to give the matchless charm of D'Annunzio's style." *Literature* points out the inevitable loss to the book by translation, but says, "with the exception of the use on two occasions of the objection-

able phrase 'egged on,' the translator's English is excellent." The *Outlook* accepts Miss Harding's translation as "an excellent piece of work." From these generalities one passes to Mr. Arthur Symons's admirable review of the book in the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Symons allows that Miss Harding has a good knowledge of Italian, and that her version reaches "a general level of readable, not ungraceful, English." But he picks many faults in detail, faults of omission and commission, concluding this part of his review as follows:

"It was with an actual shock that I read this sentence, which might be taken from a 'penny dreadful': 'Anything more lugubrious than those peals of demented laughter ringing out into the solemn silence of the night would be impossible to imagine.' One does not even need to know Italian to recognise the difference between such a sentence as that and such a sentence as this: 'E nulla era più lugubre di quelle risa folli in quel silenzio della notte alta.' As I have said, Miss Harding is not an artist in translation."

Apart from the verbal accuracy of the translation there is the question of omissions. The critics agree that D'Annunzio's story contains passages which could not have been rendered in English. But they differ in their estimates of Miss Harding's discretion. The *Daily News* says: "We note with approbation that some of the most unpleasantly erotic passages have been omitted." *Literature* makes light of the deletions: "The expurgation of certain sentences does not detract from the abounding interest and vitality of the book." The *Outlook* says: "Certain passages have been toned down, but the naked analysis is scarcely disturbed." The Academy, on the other hand, reviewing the book last week, wrote: "D'Annunzio

reaches the eager public's timorous hands *sans* style, *sans* naughtiness, *sans* poetry. It is all there—the rest—all, except the essence, the spirit. M. Herelle, in his graceful French translation, failed often at D'Annunzio's poetry of nature, but he always kept a breath of poetry in the voluptuous passages he essayed. Miss Harding has sacrificed both poetry and voluptuousness. It is a *safe* translation: D'Annunzio is thoroughly Britannicised, and the English Mr. Comstocks and the English poets will alike be disappointed. And the result is most intensely interesting to the critic."

Mr. Symons formulates the same charge definitely, thus:

"Now, what I have to complain of in the English translation is that by its suppression of passages on the ground of morality it has done its utmost to make an immoral book of a book which is not immoral. Let me give an instance. On p. 361 of the original there is a long paragraph, taking up almost the whole of the page, in which the philosophic condemnation of lust, that, being essentially sterile, it is against the whole intention of nature, is defined with a seriousness which is almost solemnity. This passage comes in the midst of a scene of admirable, but certainly hazardous, invention; it supplies the moral of that scene, it gives it its significance in the story, it shows the profound meaning of what might otherwise be a mere anecdote. This passage is omitted in the translation; the scene remains, but the moral has gone."

Coming now to the story, we find considerable divergence. Here are a few salient opinions. The *Daily News* says:

"A sickly pessimism breathes through this story. The hero is a brooding, morbid creature, making insatiable claims upon life and love. From first to last the book is a study of moral disease. Every grace of style, all that the perfection of presentation can achieve, all the resources of art are used to deck the theme, but they cannot disguise its unwholesomeness."

The *Daily Chronicle* may be said to agree:

"In the last analysis, whatever disguises they may assume, his [the hero's] soul-states are only two—desire and satiety—and his history consists in the steady encroachment of satiety upon desire, until the suicidal mania which has haunted him from the outset becomes homicidal to boot. He presents an appalling and highly moral example of the havoc wrought by idleness and sensuality upon an initially morbid nature. Appalling and (in its way) edifying the spectacle certainly is; but it falls short of tragic impressiveness because we do not feel it to be inevitable."

The *Outlook* denies originality to the story, which, it says, is "compact of the stalest, the most outworn, elements."

The *Westminster Gazette* is less severe:

"There is, at least, a sense that the story is a narrative, and not an analysis of small, corrupt, and decadent emotions. M. D'Annunzio has, at least, this in common with Tolstoi, that he seems to be telling you things because they happened so, and not because, for some morbid purpose of his own, he wished them to happen so. Moreover, there are in his work remarkable gifts of style and imagination to which no reader of literary gifts can be indifferent."

The *Saturday Review* awards only praise to the story:

"Here is a man and a woman—I can scarcely remember their Christian names; I am not even sure whether we are ever told their surnames—and in this man and woman I see myself, you, everyone who has ever desired the infinity of emotion, the infinity of surrender, the infinity of possession. Just because they are so shadowy, because they may seem to be so unreal, they have another, nearer, more insidious kind of reality than that reality by which Tristan is so absolutely Tristan, Antony so absolutely Antony. . . . Here, then, is a book which, though it deals with matters of the senses, deals with them philosophically, not as the mere stuff for a story."

The Academy reviewer asked last week: "What is D'Annunzio's world?"

"What is his world? It is the word-tapestry of a poet's weaving—a poet whose musical cadences and delicate analysis of subtle emotions seem to float over and around a world of nature's beauty, a world brutal with appetite, with ugly fact, and morbid impulse. D'Annunzio's world is a bizarre fusing of many conflicting influences—Pagan, Christian, scientific—interacting on his delicate temperament, weary of so much richness. And thus the critical question to ask is, Has not he assimilated too much? It is his *quality* to assimilate everything, and thus in a single novel, side by side with a Pagan joy in voluptuousness, comes a scientific analysis of the melancholy strife between flesh and spirit; and the triumph of the animal in man over his higher nature is mourned by the Christian in him, studied *à la Russe*, and conveyed in musical prose of poetic beauty!"

Lastly, what have the critics to say on the art and moral effect of this astonishing story? The *Daily News* says: "The book is a masterly rendering of an ignoble theme." *Literature* says:

"To D'Annunzio alone among many is given the power of expression which dignifies and magnifies, and in all things he is an artist. To him, on his own confession, as to Flaubert, has been given the desire of style, the right word and the right expression; but the conciseness and compression of Flaubert has changed in him to the volubility of passion. . . . Without in any way wishing to encourage excesses possible in other tongues, it may be hoped that the publication of such a volume as this will open the way to a broader and freer view of the world than is generally permitted in novel form here."

The *Outlook* sums up thus:

"We do not believe that D'Annunzio will commend himself to English taste, nor do we think it well that he should do so. That his book is immoral we should be disposed to deny; for in his picture of the utter annihilation inevitable to unregulated passion he is at least as stern a moralist as M. Zola. But that it is bad art badly applied we confidently affirm."

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS
TO
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The following have appeared, and the numbers containing them can still be obtained:—

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, February 10.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Father John of the Greek Church: an Appreciation: with some Characteristic Passages of his Mystical and Spiritual Autobiography. Collected and arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2s.

Interpretations of Life and Religion. By Walton B. Battershall, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Wolseley Series: Letters on Strategy. By General Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen. Edited by Capt. Walter H. James. In 2 vols. Vols. I. and II. Kegan Paul.

Many Memories of Many People. By M. C. M. Simpson. Edward Arnold. 16s.

A Popular History of the Insurrection of 1798. By the Rev. Patrick F. Kavanagh. Centenary edition. 2s. 6d.

A History of the Indian Mutiny. By T. Rice Holmes. Fifth edition, revised and enlarged. Macmillan & Co.

Famous Scots Series: James Thomson. By William Bayne. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLE LETTERS.

Shadows and Fireflies: a Book of Verse. By Louis Barsac. Unicorn Press.

An Inquiry into the Art of the Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages. By John Adolf Brunn. Part I.: Celtic Illuminated Manuscripts. David Douglas.

Poems and Sonnets. By James Renwick. Alexander Gardner.

The New Quest. By Angus Rotherham. David Nutt. 6s.

The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard and Others. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

The Inferno of Dante. Translated with Plain Notes by Eugene Lee-Hamilton. Grant Richards. 5s.

Three Women. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. W. B. Conkey Co. (Chicago and New York).

Hernani: a Drama. By Victor Hugo. Translated into English Verse by R. Farquharson Sharp. Grant Richards.

Hail, Clan Chattan! By the Rev. A. Cluny Macpherson. Grant Bros.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Arrangement of Atoms in Space. By J. H. Van T. Hoff. Second and revised edition. Translated and edited by Arnold Eiloart. Longmans, Green & Co.

Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology. By E. P. Evans. William Heinemann.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

A Flower-Hunter in Queensland and New Zealand. By Mrs. Rowan. John Murray.

The Routes and Mineral Resources of North-West Canada. By E. Jerome Dyer, F.R.G.S. George Philip & Son. 6s.

Two Thousand Miles of Wandering in the Border Country,—Lakeland and Ribblesdale. By Edmund Bogg. Edmund Bogg (Leeds).

Through the Gold-fields of Alaska to Bering Straits. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. Chatto & Windus.

The Round Towers of Ireland; or, the History of the Tuath-de-Danaans. By Henry O'Brien. A new edition. W. Thacker & Co. 12s. 6d.

The History of the Great Northern Railway, 1845-1895. By Charles H. Grinling. Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d.

Indian Village Folk: their Works and Ways. By T. B. Pandian. Elliot Stock.

The Story of Hawaii. By Jean A. Owen. Harper & Bros. 5s.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Works of Horace. Rendered into English Prose. With Life, Introduction, and Notes. By William Coutts, M.A. Longmans, Green, & Co. Easy Problem Papers. By C. H. P. Mayo, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. Progress in Women's Education in the British Empire. Edited by the Countess of Warwick. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. Exercises on Gradation. By H. R. Heatley, M.A., and Rev. A. Sloman, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 1s. 6d. A Simple Grammar of English now in Use. By John Earle, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co. Principles of English Grammar for the Use of Schools. By G. R. Carpenter. The Macmillan Co. 4s. 6d.

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